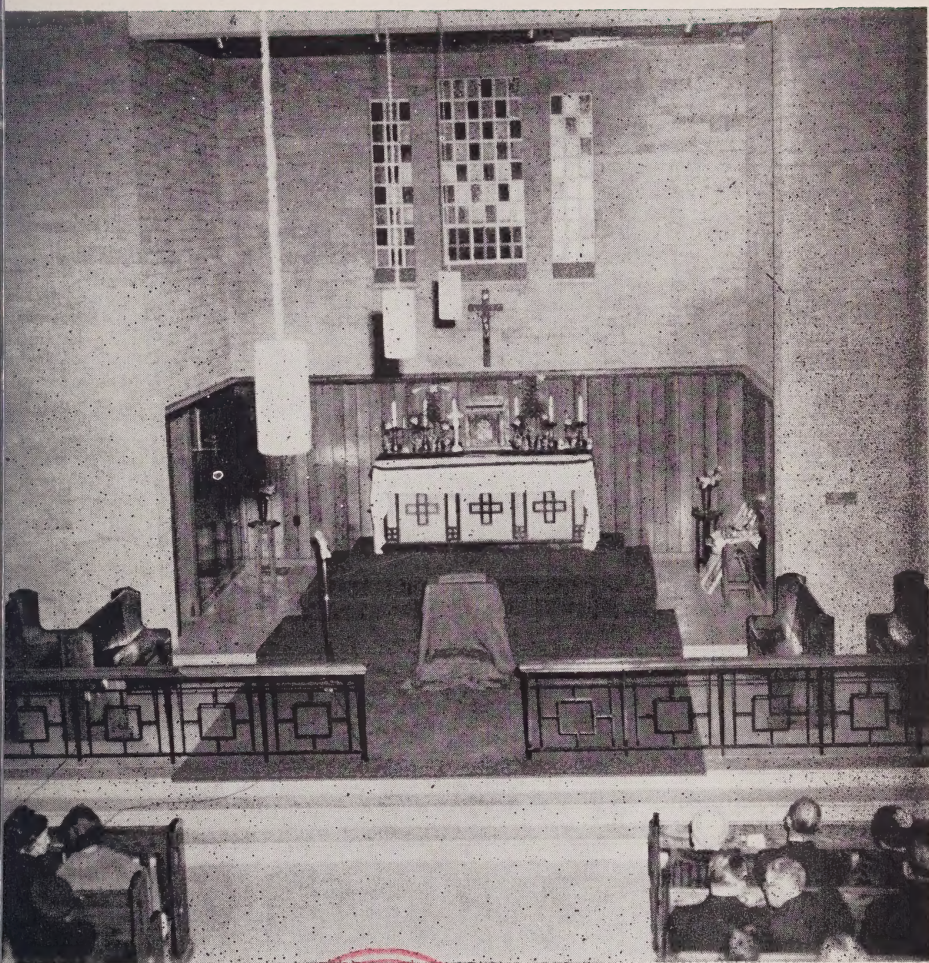


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PERIODICALS READING ROOM
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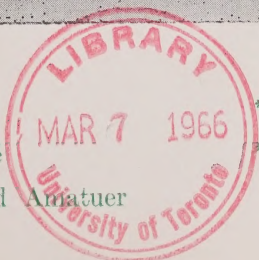
Diamond

SUMMER
1964



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Diamond

Vol. 14, No. 2 — Summer, 1964

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SPORTS

OUR COVER

UNION POLL

Action Lessens Tension ???

Does environment determine a person's motion picture viewing preferences?

According to the latest *Diamond* opinion poll, it does.

Collin's Bay inmates indicated recently that they prefer altogether different motion pictures in prison than they would ordinarily if they were 'on the outside'.

Ninety-five of a hundred inmates interviewed admitted they prefer movies with fast action and a tight plot for the regular Sunday night showings in the auditorium. But action, especially violent action, is preferred over plot.

The 100 inmates interviewed equal approximately 25% of Collin's Bay population.

Three of the remaining five said they go for high drama, with the prime emphasis on character acting. The remaining two indicated a preference for comedy.

Musicals are the least popular. The action, according to most interviewees, is fast enough, but pointless and obnoxious.

"The musical plots are so shallow and trite that they are more of an irritant than an aid. The constant songs throughout a musical slow down the tempo even further," they declared.

Among the action-lovers, westerns (adult) are the favorite.

But no one was completely sold on any one category. Rating a close second to westerns are comedies, particularly the slap-stick English brand of

comedy represented by the 'Carry On' series. An American comedy, starring Frank Sinatra, 'Come Blow Your Horn', was named a unanimous 'best-liked'.

Most readily admitted they would not 'go across the street' to see a western if they were on the 'outside'.

"As a rule, I can't stand a western," one western preferer said. "But in here, the fast action carries me along and for a while I can forget my troubles."

Another said he feels restless watching a slow-moving motion picture. "I just don't have the patience to concentrate in here. I don't want to make an effort to cut through shadows and symbols to try to figure out what the screen writers are getting at."

In addition to the 'Carry On' series, and 'Come Blow Your Horn', recent favorites have been the 'Comancheros', 'One Eyed Jacks', 'Call Me Bwana', 'The Hustlers', 'To Catch a Thief', 'Ocean's 11', 'Who's Got The Action', 'Guns of Navarone', and 'The Ugly American'.

'Guns of Navarone' was second to 'Come Blow Your Horn' as the favorite.

Among the least liked were 'Music Man', 'Bye Bye Birdie', 'Mary, Mary', and 'The Mouse That Roared'.

'Music Man' had the dubious distinction of being the 'biggest flop.'

Frank Sinatra was the favorite actor, with Dean Martin second.

Sophia Loren was the favorite actress. Doris Day was second.

Catholic Chapel Completed

Dedication of St. Paul's Climaxes
Two-Year Chapel Building Program,
Inmate Craftsmanship Praised



FATHER FELIX Divine assists as Most Rev. J.A. Sullivan, Archbishop of Kingston, dedicates and lays cornerstone for St. Paul's Chapel. (Photo by George Lilly, Kingston)

Consecration and dedication services at St. Paul's Roman Catholic Chapel here, April 6, marked completion to two-chapel, 20-month building campaign. St. John's Protestant Chapel was completed during the spring of 1963.

The Most Rev. J.A. Sullivan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Kingston, laid the ceremonial cornerstone and blessed the newest prison chapel. He was assisted by Father Felix Divine, Roman Catholic chaplain here.

Some 200 guests and inmates attended the chapel services. Included among those present were: Regional Director of Penitentiaries, David McLean, Syl Apps, Provincial Member of Parliament for Frontenac County, and clergy and nuns from schools and churches in the Kingston area.

A handsome cement block building, with white stucco coat and brick trim, St. Paul's measures 78 by 47 feet, has 16 pews which will seat 160 persons in the nave, and is approximately two-thirds the size of St. John's. Additional seats may be added by setting up chairs in the spacious aisles, and in the gallery at the rear of the chapel.

The chapel required 13 months to complete at a cost of approximately \$46,000. The original estimate has been set at \$40,000, but increased price of steel, outside labour, and higher taxes accounted for the additional \$6,000. The Protestant Chapel was completed in nine months at a cost of \$56,000.

Inmates from the masons, carpenters, plumbers, and electricians shops all contributed to the construction of the

building. In order that it might be ready for the April 6 date, inmates and instructors put in extra evening hours for the final month. All labour was furnished by inmates, with the exception of the steel structure and the terrazza. Instructor Walter Hume said the steel work might have been accomplished by inmates, but the penitentiary boom was not long enough for the job.

Inmate labor is estimated to have cut approximately 40% from what the building would have cost, had it been built by civilian contract. Many members of the administration, and the instructors, feel the two chapels are among the finest buildings in the institution, some of which were built by civilian contract.

Costly quarter cut oak decorates the sacristy and altar areas. The altar stone is the only survivor from the old wooden chapel. The stone was originally cut by Adam White, masonry instructor, in 1941, from stone in the institution quarry. The stations of the cross plaques are spaced along the wall and are made of bronze. They were purchased in Montreal.

Inmates who attended the dedication and consecration services were those who worked on the chapel. About 75 inmates in all worked on the chapel during the year required to build it, but there were never more than 25 at one time assigned to the task.

Photographers and reporters from local newspapers and radio stations, as well as a reporter from the Toronto Globe and Mail, covered the services.

Noted Canadian Writer Tells Of...

Felons: Pro And Amateur

by Hugh Garner

(The following article is reprinted in the *Diamond* by Mr. Garner's permission. It appeared originally in the January 15 issue of the *Toronto Telegram*. Mr. Garner was recently named the 1964 winner of the Governor General's Medal for Canadian Fiction. He is a novelist and short story writer whose work has appeared in anthologies of the world's best prose. He contributes regularly to the *Telegram's* Dissent Column, and appears regularly in Canadian magazines.)

Recently Police Chief James Mackey of the Metro Toronto Police made a public statement to the effect that the sentences imposed on lawbreakers were too light. Around the same time the local Grand Jury (whatever that is) reported that we were mollycoddling our felons, and supplying Grand Juries with chairs that were too hard for their tender anatomies. If the members of the Grand Jury were less Neanderthal in their heads and more so in their posteriors, they would have to come up with a report that didn't take me back to the Middle Ages to read. As for the Chief of Police, if his remark was meant to apply to Members of Parliament arrested as drunk drivers, medical practitioners moonlighting as

abortionists, used car dealers practising bare-faced theft, waterers of commo stocks, and other non-criminal crooks I agree with him.

MOLLYCODDLED

The truth is that the criminal in Canada, far from being mollycoddled by the courts, is almost assured a stiff sentence by any court in the land. He serves his time in penal institutions that are almost as far behind modern penological thinking as a dungeon in Ghana, a Siberian salt mine, and the "educational" prisons of Generalissimo Franco and his sidekick Salazar of Portugal.

We can dismiss the remarks of the soft-bottomed Grand Jury panel for the bourgeois ravings that they are, but James Mackey ought to qualify his statement so we understand just what sort of law-breaker—the professional criminal or the amateur wrongdoer—he is talking about.

Chief Mackey has the same right to claim we are too lenient with our law-breakers as I have to say that this concept has been proved wrong by every criminologist and penologist since Lombroso. What we actually need is a more liberal use of the suspended sentence for first offenders, more use of parole and ticket-of-leave, and the introduction of more indeter

inate sentences. Our jails and penitentiaries contain far more people (or "criminals" if the Grand Jury members like the word better) than almost any country of comparable population, even more than Great Britain.

Under our political and sociological system, punishment of those who break the law rests in the hands of what we continue to hope is an impartial judiciary. The role of the policeman should be confined to apprehension and custody only. Chief Mackey is entitled to his point of view as a citizen, but it is outside his official function to voice his philosophy on jurisprudence as a chief of police. Most policemen are trained by neither education, emotion or psychological impartiality to advocate the punishment of anyone.

Most of our lawbreakers are not criminals in the true sense of the term. The convicted inmates of our penitentiaries and reform institutions can be divided into several classifications. There is the first offender who commits his crime for money to alleviate desperate need, or the smart-alec punk who does it from bravado, ego or to get his kicks.

The non-criminal citizen who kills or injures a person in an accident, or drives a car while drunk through inadvertance or carelessness. The citizen who through passion, jealousy, hot anger or brooding hatred commits certain assaults, murder or manslaughter.

Then there is the crooked, wealthy professional or businessman who commits crimes such as arson, illegal

abortions, drug-peddling, conversion, fraud or theft for financial gain. Next, the person who breaks laws that have no public support, and should be abolished, such as gambling, bootlegging, taking race horse bets, selling lottery tickets.

And the sick alcoholic and drug addict who breaks such statutes as the various liquor acts, or has narcotics for his own use because his tragic need for illegal drugs forces him to buy them from the real crooks.

SQUARE JOHN

Then there is a sub-classification of mentally-incompetent people who commit rape, incest, indecent assault, exhibitionism and sexual crimes against children. (We are too prone to ignore our psychiatric authorities, and list these as "psychopaths", which is meaningless.)

Finally there is the true criminal, who perhaps because of a childhood trauma, broken home, stupid parents, unintelligent and unsympathetic social workers, police and juvenile court authorities—or all of them together—bets his freedom against heavy odds, and pits himself against the forces of law and order for both money and to win against them. This main point of difference from his square John fellow citizen is his ingrained anti-authoritarianism and anti-social resentment.

I'm afraid Chief James Mackey is wrong in his plea for greater punishment for criminals. It is the amateur crooks who are giving our criminals a bad name.

New Complex Planned

Death Knell Sounds For Kingston Pen

Kingston Penitentiary may not be with us to much longer.

Death knell for the infamous King street bastille was sounded by Alan J. McLeod, commissioner of penitentiaries, November 12, at a warden's conference, when he announced that the maximum security prison would be replaced with a modern 'prison complex' in approximately five years.

Mr. McLeod also announced work would begin this year on a new prison to be constructed at Warworth. The new prison is to cost approximately \$6 million.

The Warworth prison is expected to house 450 inmates and will be staffed by 200 persons, including correctional officers, trades instructors, administrative and professional personnel.

Warworth is located in Northumberland County, midway between Peterborough and Trenton and north of Highway 401. The area is sparsely populated.

The 'complex' intended to replace Kingston Pen, will cover an area of approximately 600 acres and will house, in separate buildings, a special detention unit, medical and psychiatric center, and a maximum security unit.

The commissioner said construction on the KP replacement may begin this year. Property now owned by the penitentiary department will not be used, and the necessary land is still to be purchased from private interests. McLeod said Kingston is a possible loca-

tion, but did not indicate definitely that the 'complex' will be located in this area.

However, he said, because of the proximity of Collin's Bay and Joyceville to Kingston, the city was a likely site.

The maximum security unit, slated for a central location within the 'complex', is intended to house approximately 450 inmates. McLeod said it is possible that more than one of the maximum security units will be built. Kingston Penitentiary presently houses about 850 inmates.

The plan for diversification is based on the penal department's intention to gain wider classification of inmates and thus provide a wider segregation of the different types of inmates.

Initial construction will be centered on the special detention unit. This is intended to house 150 of the 'most hostile and difficult inmates' from the Ontario area. The reception center, of course, is where new inmates will be classified and processed after their arrival from the courts.

Kingston Penitentiary was authorized by the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada in 1832. Construction of the first building began the following year. The 100-year-old 400-foot northern wall was recently torn down and replaced by a 10-inch-thick precast concrete structure. The wall had begun crumbling, effected by seasonal weather changes, frost, and dampness.

C B P Inmates Graduate Christopher Course

Public Speaking, Confidence
Stressed in Leadership Class

—Tom Bergin

James Thumber's Walter Mitty was a vivid day dreamer. He dreamt once that he stood up in a crowded courtroom and, to the dismay of the prosecutor and the delight of the accused blond, delivered in flawless English, a spell-binding defense which convinced the biased judge and jury that the accused could not possibly have committed the crime. As Walter sat down, the courtroom (prosecutor included) broke out in unrestrained applause. Women gazed in adoration and men shook their heads in envy and wonderment.

So far as is known, Walter is still dreaming.

The ability to express an idea or opinion in concise, understandable language is a gift everyone would like to possess, but few ever master. Effective self-expression, or getting one's point across as convincingly as possible, can be mastered by most people, but it takes a bit of effort and a great deal of practice.

That particular bit of effort was shown in evidence this past January 16, when 30 inmates of Collin's Bay Penitentiary attended the first of 10 weekly

sessions in public speaking and discovering and developing any leadership qualities they might possess.

The Christopher Leadership Course was sponsored by Father J. Kelly, Kingston. It was conducted by Christopher instructors Al St. Pierre, a youthful looking father of six children and Ed Michen a native of Michigan U.S. Both men are Kingston High School teachers.

THE CHRISTOPHER AIM

The Christopher objective in conducting a course is to remind each man and woman what they can do to make their town, city, or country a better and happier place in which to live.

An inmate's immediate sphere of influence would be within the four high walls. Later on it would be in his own home, at the school board meetings, in community activities, and in local government affairs.

The founder of the Christopher movement, James Keller, Roman Catholic priest, claims one of the chief purposes of the course is to help a person to "acquire the simple, easy-to-master, tools of effective speaking so that he

will be better equipped to communicate worthwhile ideas."

THE WARM-UP

With a minimum of formalities Al St. Pierre got right down to the task of moulding 30 potential leaders.

"At the beginning of each lesson" Al explained to his skeptical audience "we have a warm-up. When you see it done the first time, you'll say its crazy, but believe me before the fourth lesson is over you will have come to understand its great importance in public speaking."

The warm-ups over the 10-week period, included many boisterous verbal battles, machinegun-like bursts of popular verses by the whole class and several true and tried Christopher rhymes, the most popular and expressive of which was "The Duke Of York."

Immediately after an animated recitation of "The Duke" everyone relaxed a little and Al's co-instructor Ed Michan came to the front of the class. He began by telling his class that *enthusiasm* was the motto of the Christophers: he quickly followed this up by standing back with outstretched arms and calling out, "What's the Christopher motto"? and back boomed the answer.. "ENTHUSIASM". Ed shook his crewcut head. "Not bad, but not loud enough. Close that door. Now, let's hear it again. What's our motto?" "EN....."

The powers of enthusiastic auto-suggestion were already beginning to tip over feelings of shyness and introversion.

During the second session (after the usual warmup) each man was invited to read a chapter from a book in front

of the class. This was not a spontaneous act: At the end of the previous lesson each member of the class was told to prepare a chapter of his own choosing. There were no criticisms during or after the readings: neither were there any 'kind' suggestions, nor sympathetic pats on the back for the one who didn't do so good. It was simply....go on up there and do the best you can, then stop. Don't apologize for mistakes. Begin by reading, and by reading, and listen to the applause as you make your way back to your seat. (Everyone, no matter what he says or does in front of the group is applauded. The Christophers reason that, each speech or reading in front of a group is, in itself, a success: a man who has walked to the front and begun to talk is already a success..there can be no failure once the man has left his seat and begun to talk.

The third session began with most of the junior league leaders looking worried and nervous. Many admitted to having butterflies. There were a few vacant seats.

"Tonight" Al St. Pierre proclaimed from the head of the class, "each man will be asked to give a minute talk. Talk about anything you like. You first ear; what you think of the War den; The night your grandmother had her appendix out. Anything. Now who's first, Ed?"

Ed Michan, sitting at the back of the room with Father Kelly called out "The first man is..Brad Felix." Applause.

And the first man, neither looking to the left nor to the right, strode bravely into the 'Valley of the Shadow' to deliver his speech. He began like a man

learning to ride a bicycle, slowly and shakily: he back-paddled a bit; gradually straightened up and began cruising with confidence.

The first unknown terrors had passed.

Brad was followed, as their names were tolled, by 25 budding leaders.

Certainly there were many abrupt stops and starts, blunders and corrections. Many reached for their prepared notes and read parts of their story: two or three 'leaders' gave the impression that they were ready to bolt as soon as their names were called. But there was no retreat. There was only progress. The new Christophers were learning to think on their feet; to speak without shouting or mumbling; to look their audience in the eye; to present an objective point of view, admitting defeat gracefully and accepting the laurels without gloating.

Very gradually it began to dawn upon each man that he COULD speak before a group of people...and he listened to.

By the end of the ninth week minute talks by each inmate were routine and the prepared notes in the shirt pockets were forgotten.

However the warm-ups continued right through to the end. According to the two instructors, Al and Ed, warm-ups of some kind are necessary if the speaker expects to deliver a speech worth listening to.

Gordie Howe became "the greatest of them all" as the result of constant practice and determination. He is always one of the first out on the ice for the pre-game warm-up.

Howe's rules for success may be applied to public speaking and developing whatever leadership qualities you may have: The rules are: practice; warm-up, and more practice.

On the last evening of the course (March 19), each man related what he felt the course had done for him.

"When I began this course I was nervous and very self-conscious. Outside I used to be scared stiff to ask a girl to dance with me. I could dance and all that, but to walk up to a strange girl and ask her to dance, boy, it was murder. I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I felt the same numbing feeling when I was asked to give a talk before the class, but I didn't do so bad, (he was voted one of the most improved speakers of the course and was awarded a silver ballpoint pen) I'm going out soon, and when I go dancing, I'm not going to do any sweating."

Another member: "Well this course showed me that other people have much the same anxieties and speaking problems that I have myself. I have to admit that when I began the course I was afraid there might be some religion angle, but Kelly's little talks were middle-of-the-road opinions, and I feel I picked up some good points from him."

Quelling feelings of anxiety and self-consciousness; building up feelings of confidence and manliness: These were some of the results of the Christopher Leadership Course.

If arrangements can be made, the Christopher instructors Al St. Pierre and Ed Michen, hope to return next year to conduct their second course.



The National Economy---

Bust or Busted ???

MORTGAGE MANOR

by Lex Schrag

("Give us," The Diamond's editor told his Toronto correspondent, alias the churl of Mortgage Manor, "a crisp piece on the national economy. Some of our subscribers will soon be returning to the investment business. Don't let your story run to more than 500 words. Be factual, but keep it optimistic.")

Editor,
The Diamond.
Dear Boss:

Well, you've finally flipped your wig. Optimistic, did you say? Man, the economic situation is worse than it could possibly be, and is rapidly deteriorating. I'd be very much obliged if you'd ask the Warden to reserve a nice, quiet cell with a southern exposure for me. I'm being robbed blind out here.

For quite some time I've been hanging around the Ontario Committee on Taxation. Hoped I might learn a few little things I could use if I ever went into the con game. And while my back was turned the Federal Government slipped its hand into my pocket and cleaned out the small change for what it calls social legislation.

That is, the old age pension. Now, I don't mind kicking in a few bucks for the people who really need some help.

What gripes me is, when the government gives everybody over 70 a pension, and hands out all this family allowance, all it does is increase the velocity of circulation.

This velocity of circulation does mean that money is whirling around looking for something it can buy, and the faster it circulates, the less you get for it. Seems to me old Adam Smith or one of those characters, said that a nation's goods will cost all the money there is in circulation; like if you have a bottle of tonic and I have five bucks and I want the tonic and you know I have the five bucks, you're going to charge me five bucks for the tonic. Involved, isn't it? I don't get it myself but maybe some of your boarders can figure it out. They're smart enough not to be paying taxes.

Anyway, a chap entitled F.S. Capon of Montreal told the committee a thing or two. He's a chartered accountant, vice-president of Dupont of Canada Ltd., and doesn't have any college degree (I asked him), so I could understand what he said. He said, first of all, he wasn't speaking for Dupont, I was speaking for Capon.

Anyhow, he said the age of full employment is past. Automation has come along, and industry won't need so many

ands to push things into the machines. But he said capitalism is a dead duck unless some way is found to keep purchasing power in the hands of the general public, because otherwise who'd buy all the crap the automated factories produced?

Well, his idea is that everybody will have to be a capitalist, or socialism is inevitable. I'm all for the capitalist deal, because the Russians have a longer work week than we do, and only one copy per 100 people and a diet consisting largely of black bread. Comes down to that, they have socialism while we have communism, right up to here. That's what all these laws for taking from them that's earned it and giving to them that hasn't are: sheer communism.

So this F.S. Capon says: knock off that old corporation income tax, except on undistributed profits—and then tax the shareholder on his personal income.

That way, he figures, the governments will get just about the same amount of money to run such palatial establishments as Collin's Bay.

At the same time, the average Joe will be encouraged to put his dough into industrial stocks, if only to earn enough money to pay his taxes, and everything will be lovely.

And that's the way it is with the national economy, Mr. Editor, though I don't think it really makes much difference.

Yours respectfully,
The Churl.

Girls May Move To Cornwall

Canada may get a second Federal Penitentiary for women within the next few years.

Lionel Chevrier, former Justice Minister and newly appointed Canadian High Commissioner to London, told hometown constituents at a testimonial dinner in his honor at Cornwall, late January, that he had made the proposal and had left it in the hands of new Justice Minister Guy Favreau.

He told a crowd of 400 that he had proposed the need for a new Federal prison for women in eastern Ontario and that it be located in Cornwall. He recommended that it be built in 1965. "I have not made this statement

without consultation," he said.

Such a prison, according to Chevrier, would accomodate 150-200 inmates and would require a staff of 75-100 women. Payroll would be about half million dollars annually.

The building would be constructed along modern lines and cost about one and half million dollars.

Several months ago, Alan J. McLeod told a warden's conference in Kingston that the present women's prison, across from Kingston Penitentiary, would be moved somewhere else in the future. Chevrier did not refer to McLeod's earlier statement.

Children Feature At Xmas Family Service Programme

—Tom Bergin

After a short, but bloodless coup, the guardians of this seemingly impregnable fortress surrendered, December 15th, 1963. (temporarily)

The conquerers (about 200 of them), recruits from all over Ontario, arrived at the prison gates at about 9 A.M. Sunday, and without a single shot being fired in attack or defense, the gallant defenders (O.H.M.S.) courageously and graciously threw down their arms and swung open the gates. The victors strolled in; and some of them were seen to even toddle in.

A few minutes after their triumphant entry, they were welcomed and feted by 193 inmates in the streamer-decked auditorium.

The visitors, of course, were the specially invited relatives and friends of the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary. The ones seen toddling in through the front gates (accompanied by adults) were the young sons and daughters of the inmates.

Children are admitted on one of the three special visits during each year, and what more appropriate time than around Christmas.

As soon as the children had shed their snowsuits, overshoes, and gloves,

they somehow appeared to actually take over the place.

By a conservative count, there were about 20 children present. Not many, but, like beavers, they all looked alike and in no time at all, they were happily tunnelling, scampering, scaling and chasing all over, under and around the seated adults in the auditorium. It was a wonderful adventure and most of the fathers eagerly shared in everything.

Not without reason is the Christmas visit called "Children's Day".

But this doesn't mean that the wives, mothers, sisters, and fathers didn't have time to talk with their imprisoned relatives. There were many periods of peace and quiet; like the time when inmate Art Paul distributed saucer-sized lollipops and candy canes (courtesy of the Kingston Rotary Club) among the children. And another occasion which comes immediately to mind was when the coffee, milk, cakes, and assorted sandwiches appeared on the horizon.

By 2:30 P.M. everyone had said what they came to say,—well, they had five hours to say it.

DIAMOND EXPOSE

Don't Throw Away Those Smokes, Folks

*Diamond Writer Exposes Ingenious Communist
Plot to Undermine American and Canadian
Morale And Industry Through "Smoke Scare"*

This anti-smoking farce has gone far enough!

Worse than a farce, it is a vicious, diabolic plot to totally destroy the American and Canadian economies.

The mere fact that so many ordinarily level-headed people and high-ranking officials have taken this farce so seriously, points out, I think, more than all the secret-snatching, sabotage, revolutions, etc., just how deeply and completely the communists have infiltrated our culture.

It points out, too, to what depraved means the insidious Marxist villains will resort in attempting to undermine the economy and morale of the free world.

It should be pretty obvious to everyone, by this time, that the 'Great Cigarette Scare' is, in reality, a devilishly ingenious frameup, perpetrated by Moscow and Peking strategists, to de-moralize and confuse us.

And how well they are succeeding! Men and women haunt tobacco counters and stores, testing pipes and cigars; adding these noxious odors to an already dangerously polluted atmosphere. And others torture themselves, chancing serious future traumatic results by denying themselves the most effective answer yet devised

by modern man to alleviate one of the most common of human needs—oral eroticism.

This evil cabal, unless exposed and destroyed immediately, will eventually bring about the total collapse of capitalism and democracy more efficiently and effectively than all the alphabet bombs, sputniks, and moon shots lumped together.

The conspiracy has been so cleverly and subtly contrived that, at first glance, its true nature is difficult to ascertain. I don't, however, wish to make any pretensions to being more astute than most people. I am doing what any loyal, redblooded Canadian or American member of the John Birch Society would do under similar circumstances—expose the nefarious communist plot.

Let's take a good, hard, unflinching look at the facts.

What can the communists hope to gain by tricking us into abandoning the cigarette habit? The answer is obvious: Plenty—materially, physically, and psychologically.

Let's consider the psychological dangers first.

You have been married for five, ten, fifteen years. During all this time your wife (not necessarily the same one) has been (more or less,) your

constant companion. She has been your loving helpmate. She has been the uncomplaining mother of your rather frightening children. She may even have driven the getaway car for you on occasion, or made sure you got your fair end of the take.

She may have been there to comfort you when the boss chewed you out, or when your secretary rebuffed your loutish advances, or when the bank account failed to balance. She was your loyal companion when you wanted to watch the late-late-late sow on TV. In other words, she has stuck with you through thick and thin.

Yet, there are scientists and researchers who hold that a wife invariably shortens her spouse's life by at least ten years; that she is the unquestionable source of hypertension, heart problems, and the various and assorted brands of ulcers.

But has anyone stepped forward and advocated that we abandon marriage? Or that we at least cut down on it? You can bet a copy of *Fanny Hill* no one has—or will!

Why, then, should we discriminate against cigarettes? Even more than your wife, cigarettes have been through all sorts of trying times with you. And the chances are good that you knew them before you knew your wife (or wives). When you were busted and thrown into a cell, what was the first thing you thought of? When you go to bed at night and get up in the morning, what is the first thing you reach for? That's right, a cigarette; not your wife.

Ditching the cigarette habit is not much different than tossing your wife in the trash can, after all her years of faithful and devoted service. It's

no wonder men who are trying to give up the cigarette habit are so irritable. A man with a guilty conscience is bound to be a grouch.

And what about those agonizing tortures involved in actually kicking the weed habit? The irritability, the running nose, restlessness, the all-pervading sense of loss and aimlessness, the constant clock-watching as you wonder whether or not you can hold out for another five minutes before lighting up again, and those endless decisions when you wake up each morning, as you try to set a schedule as to how many smokes you will have that day and when.

The crafty political offspring of Karl Marx and Vladimir Illich Uliano (nee Nikolai Lenin) have taken everything into consideration in their unholy contrivance.

All these things affect the national industrial output to a distressing degree. Imagine millions of workers all over the free world handcuffed by these efficiency-sapping withdrawal symptoms at the same time, coupled with the sense of guilt and loss of self-confidence. It would not take much in the way of high-level strategy: ICBM's, hell bombs, or mongol hordes to overrun us. We would be so completely demoralized that comrades Nick and Mao could simply walk into Buckingham Palace and the White House and start setting up cigaretteless five year plans.

And the material aspect, the economic picture, what about that? Needless to say, it would be pretty grim. If through some miracle of democratic fortitude, we were able to withstand the disasters already predicted, our entire economic structure would still even

lly fold up like so much melting butter in the devil's backyard. And no matter what we did to stall it, we would be powerless to prevent it.

There are approximately 80 million smokers in the United States and Canada. They account for about 10 billion dollars a year in cigarette sales. This amount affects dozens of manufacturers, a half million farmers, and two million grocers, druggists and other retailers. The industry buys better than one quarter of the foil in North America, accounts for enough cellophane to make it the third largest user, and is one of the largest consumers of paper products. The tobacco industry's quarter of a billion a year advertising budget helps support the communications chain in the U.S. and Canada... newspapers, magazines, and, most notably, television. Tobacco sales turns one and a quarter billion for state and provincial taxes, and more than a half billion for the Federal governments.

Despite the claims doctors make, concerning the danger cigarettes present to our health, any fool can see that the danger of stopping is even greater.

There is a scientist, a well-known researcher, who claims illnesses and old age are brought about when the

body is forced to make radical changes and adjustments. Instead of gaining that ten years we are supposed to be losing when we smoke, we may be losing another ten years by stopping. There can be no doubt that the body, particularly the all-important nervous system, is subjected to a veritable hell when a smoker quits.

Still, there are those who are selfish enough to want to gamble for that ten extra years of old age and social security benefits. They never consider the further havoc they will raise with the national budget when the government has to foot the bill for those extra ten years of payments—and without the taxes from cigarette sales.

It is apparent that the Red plot is multi-faceted; that there are many ways in which a mass renunciation of cigarettes can cause the downfall of capitalism and democracy.

The question remaining is: What can we do to combat the commie's scheme? The answer is simple. And you will not only thwart Moscow and Peking, but also preserve your health, your sanity, aid the national economy, and still enjoy that wonderful delightful first drag in the morning.

Just continue to smoke!

I know I would, if I was a smoker.

PRISON GUARDS' YULE BONUS YEGGS' TARGET

LIVERPOOL, Eng. (AP) — A gang of safecrackers broke into Walton Jail recently, trying to steal the guards' Christmas bonus.

Police said a prisoner tipped the gang that a prison safe contained \$30,000 for the 300 guards.

The gang's explosion jammed the lock of the safe. The gang gave up and fled over the 11-foot wall.

The tip was wrong. The money was in another safe. The one the gang tried to break open was empty.

Poetry

PAPER WALLS OF INNOCENCE

As my mind wanders out with the whispering tide,
I stand on the shore with floundering pride.
I've looked for it, and looked in vain;
And have been disappointed; called insane.
I have lived for two times seven, plus another three,
And have crossed many a mountain and traveled the lonely sea.
But now I'll stop this quest and settle down:
For I've decided it takes a lifetime for it to be found!

—L.S.B.

THE CRIME

The terrible moment
Of momentuous decision.
The baleful threat
of fearful, ultimate
retribution ignored—
The instant of
Premeditated decision—
That excruciatingly,
Deliciously threatening
Moment, when I pulled
My first score
On my mother's
Little red cookie jar!

CAD!

As I lay here on my foam rubber pad,
And think of all the fun I've had.
It sometimes makes me awful mad,
To know I am really bad.
And though I'm still a little lad,
I really mean, it's really sad.
Philadelphia Phil
With the Cincinnati Bankroll

Prisons: British vs Canadian

by Warden Fred Smith

Last summer (1963), while on my vacation, I visited the English industrial areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire. This area provided me with, generally speaking, a cross section of different types of penal institutions, situated in a relatively small area.

I found that Manchester Prison, known as "Strangeways", is a receiving institution for twenty-five prisons in the area. It holds all remand cases, and its average population is 1,100 inmates. Next to this institution is the Women's Prison, which holds approximately 500 women. Inmates of both prisons are fed from the same kitchen. They are both on the 'central dome' design, and the amazing part about it is the completeness of both organization and segregation. Each wing has an assistant warden in charge, who is responsible for the complete organization of his wing. A daily bulletin of movements is issued by the deputy warden.

The day of my visit, there were 110 inmates being transferred out of the institution, and 76 inmates being received. All movements are by taxi or bus. Such transportation is contracted for annually.

The prison staff is divided into two squads with duty hours 6:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., and 2:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Two night watchmen check all shops at 5:00 p.m. and double lock them; another two check the accommodation areas. The watchmen are on duty from 11-12 and 12-8.

All inmates are required to work an eight hour day. For example, in one shop of 108 inmates (classed as sick, lame and lazy), they were threading beads into calendars.

The instructors are civilians and work from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. These hours

are subject to change if they are not found to be satisfactory.

The cell blocks are all tiled, gloss painted, and are spotlessly clean, with no surplus of inmates 'hanging around'.

All inmates are released after supper to participate in planned activities, such as vocational training, education, music, games, etc., and they are locked up at 9:30 p.m. With the two Squad System they have sufficient custodial staff for supervising. All 'after close of prison' instructors are engaged part time, and may be the day-duty instructors.

Wakefield Prison is very similar to Manchester, in operation. It holds 700 inmates, and is engaged in vocational training. The grounds are well decorated with flowers, and very clean. At the time of my visit

they were in the process of constructing a bowling green. Wakefield has a more extensive outside recreational program than Manchester. All other activities are planned, and nothing is allowed to run haphazardly.

Pollington Park Borstal is an open institution with two vocational shops—carpentry and welding. They are very poorly organized, with a minimum amount of equipment. There is no attempt to undertake any training other than to prepare an inmate to do a full day's work. There must be as little interruption as possible in the work day. Conversation is limited in the shops to the work in hand, and this is enforced. Inmates are given responsibility in performing their work properly with very little supervision. Inmates are also used as guides for visitors.

This is considered the most progressive Borstal in the United Kingdom, with emphasis on changing a man's thinking by the use of part-time social workers. All members of the staff have received training in group counselling, leadership to control, participation in and refereeing of all recreational games.

An outstanding department was the kitchen. The staff consists of one officer. Breakfast is prepared by early shift inmates. The officer works from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. His relief for two days is by supervision from any officer who is available. The food is well cooked at 2,000 calories, but very light. They also have a canteen.

Staff Training

All the officers are smart in appearance, and appear very interested in their work. They appear to place trust

in the inmates, and don't stand over them, but are in strategic positions to observe and control. The key seems to be that every inmate has a definite job to do all the time.

An officer spends four weeks in prison and, on recommendation, is posted to the Officers' Training School for an eight week period, where he gets intensive instruction designed to train and assess him. He receives medical tests, intelligence tests and examinations. He receives technical instruction in all fields; general lectures such as 'Structure of the Service', 'Law and Law Making', 'Principles of Leadership', 'Casework and problems of reform'.

The practical training is given in Wakefield Prison. The officer must qualify in physical education, judo, Civil Defence, and participate in discussion groups, lectures, projects, debates and report writing.

I was present at a qualifying board at the Officers' Training School where fourteen cases were decided in 30 minutes, including tea. Some cases took more than 15 seconds.

All members of the five man board plus the Superintendent from Wakefield Staff College (who was chairman) have very comprehensive reports. They appear to go into extreme detail, looking for alert and intelligent people, speech, mannerisms, expressions used in daily life, and off duty activities. Morale, especially, was assessed.

The Board dismissed one officer because he failed to heed a warning for dating a female Officer. He was a married man. Another was failed because he was considered a 'nice old sweat'. Even though they reported he would make a good officer, he was not rated

career type; but one who was just trying to get a job to supplement his pension so that he could settle down nice and cosy for the remainder of his working years.

Officers attending courses at the Staff College receive instruction in academic work from tutors from a university. The main subject is criminology, and is studied in all its sociological, penological and psychological aspects. They receive lectures in crime and society penal problems, group dynamics, psychology of delinquency, casework, etc. They must interview prisoners and write case histories.

Inmate Counselling

I was amazed at the overall administration of the institutions visited. This caused me to extend my visit from one day to three days, and nights. I have briefly outlined the various institution characteristics. My one question was, "How do you do it?" There were no disturbances (even though overcrowded), very few brews, no work problems and no riots (a dirty word used only in Dartmoor Prison).

The basic answer was:

- (a) *Sensible regulations* which are enforced
- (b) *An 8 hour work day* where an inmate is trained to be so industrious that he will be able to keep any sort of job. Officers use every means to their disposal before they report him for idleness

and

- (c) *Group counselling* to change his thinking.

No great stress is placed on vocational training. They do not try to make him an expert. They claimed that the

majority of their inmates are going out as unskilled labour, and it is a waste of government funds to change them into incompetent tradesmen.

As mentioned previously, all officers have, or are receiving, training in the art of counselling; both individual and group. These are supervised by a psychologist, who, in turn, is supervised by a chief psychologist in the area. This, combined with the solid basic training received at the Training School, seems to produce well organized institutions.

As far as I am concerned there are many different types of counselling, such as dealing with day to day problems as they arise; or on the other extreme, dealing with deep-rooted psychological or psychiatric problems. We are able to deal with the latter type; but we fail in the type of counselling required from day to day.

We are limited by previous policy outlined in Circular Letter 17/5, which was discussed at the Classification Officers Conference in 1961. Paragraph 17 of this letter states 'in having due regard for the foregoing factors, it shall be permissible for classification staff members to *attempt* therapy with individual inmates or groups of inmates in the field of social case work, educational and vocational counselling.'

At the Classification Officers' Conference in 1961, it was stated at that time that "Counselling shall only take place where there is qualified staff to carry out these functions and if professional supervision is available."

This seems rather vague as to what type of counselling is referred to, and what is meant by qualified staff.

Surely a classification officer, by virtue of his appointments is qualified

to perform some type of counselling. Almost any type of interview involves some counselling.

There are certain instances where counselling is more intensive than others, but the majority of our counselling at the present time is done either at the request of other staff officers, or at the inmate's own request.

Counselling by the instructional and custodial staff should and has to be on a continuing basis during the inmate's working hours. To this end all our staff should receive training in this field.

Counselling concerning daily routine problems, and directing an inmate toward making constructive use of his time, is the responsibility of all staff members. Where professional, or qualified staff, is not available, is it not better for a lay person to at least try, than for no effort to be made at all? This need must transcend any professional jealousies and permit more lay participation.

There seems to be three basic divisions of group work:

(1) Group Discussion —

This might involve such topics as current events, vocational training, education, etc.

(2) Group Counselling —

A leader may counsel a group of individuals or direct a group in interaction among themselves as they deal with similar problems.

(3) Group Therapy —

Treatment is attempted of a group of individuals with personality problems. This might involve such things as play-acting, toys, puppets, etc.

From 1959 to 1962, group therapy was conducted at Collin's Bay Penitentiary. This has been discontinued, due to not having an 'expert' to supervise. There are few statistics regarding the actual value of this, but it is considered useful and helpful. If there is even a chance of it being helpful, then it should be done.

It is definitely felt that there should be some type of group counselling. Would it not be possible to have a staff member trained to work under the supervision of the part-time psychiatrist? It is noted that such training was discussed as a result of the Warden's Conference in 1960, but this has never materialized.

Likewise, it is felt that there are presently staff members who are capable of conducting group discussions.

The topics, of course, would have to be limited in order that the group would not get out of hand and enter into fields where the leader was inexperienced.

As an illustration, the C.V.O., or a competent member of his staff, should be capable of conducting a discussion group on the topic of vocational training, which might prove helpful in directing some who are borderline cases toward greater efforts in preparation for this training.

The British system seems to benefit from this type of operation, so it is certainly worth a try here. Their rules and regulations are parallel to ours and in a good many cases identical.

In conclusion, in all institutions visited it was noted:

- (a) the food was poor
- (b) work was plentiful
- (c) Cleanliness was paramount
- (d) vocational training as we see it was poor
- (e) counselling was excellent
- (f) recreation was mediocre
- (g) inmate remuneration good.

We could improve on their system in the culinary, recreational, inmate remuneration and vocational fields.

Their reservations are:

- (a) The inmates get 2,000 calories, and are not living in a hotel.
- (b) If they work for eight hours and attend the different academic classes to prepare for release, they do not need an extensive recreational programme.
- (c) If he wants more money, let him

earn it. The amount he can spend depends on the amount he can earn—which is the same outside,

and

- (d) we do not attempt to make tradesmen. Just helpers and improvers.

Who is right?

Heaven knows! Their recidivism is as bad as ours, and as the Warden at Manchester said,

“Well, you have been to Wakefield and no doubt got the glory, so let’s talk as all wardens do about our everyday problems and their solutions.”

What did I find? That our problems are identical—the solutions the same, and we can only do our best.

PAROLEES DEFENDED

OTTAWA JOURNAL — Professional criminals may well be to blame for a rash of Ottawa-Montreal home robberies, but it is highly unlikely any of the gang committing the offences is on parole.

George Street, chairman of the national Parole Board, expressed this view recently in the wake of remarks by Police Chief Reg Axcell that law-breakers are receiving kid glove treatment in courts and prisons.

“Only about one in four who apply receive parole and only then after careful selection,” Mr. Street said.

He noted in four years and 10 months, 9,983 inmates across Canada had been parolled and, out of this number, 973 were returned to prison, or an average failure rate of 9.57 per cent.

“It doesn’t mean this number was returned because they committed crimes. They might have misbehaved or not cooperated,” he said.

“There should be some incentive for a man in prison to want to reform,” he said.

He added that those allowed out on parole are under strict supervision.

“I certainly don’t believe in ‘mollycoddling’ of prisoners and think a man should be given a long sentence where his record shows he is a habitual offender. he said.

Parable of the Professor And the Aliens

Man is pretty proud of himself. He has taken the Earth and remade it in his own image. In the certainty of his own uniqueness and superiority, he has even recast God and the universe into an anthropomorphical reflection. Will his rocketships prove to be his Tower of Babel?

by RHA

During the first decade of the Kennedy Dynasty, shortly after the assassination of John I, and prior to the ascension of Robert I, the Purple prophet addressed a great gathering of the madmen of the world.

"Human beings," he began, "are the most unnatural creatures in all the existing universe. Although, individually, they are the poorest equipped, physically, to cope with problems of survival and, collectively, are more of a danger to the balance of nature than they are an aid, they contend the universe was especially made for Man, and each individual is certain the world revolves around himself."

Gratified by the blank expressions his words brought to the faces of the multitude of madmen, the Purple Prophet continued with the following parable:

Not many years ago, in a desolate area of the western United States, a world-renowned philosopher and scientist was searching the district's arid brown hills for ruins of an old 15th Century Spanish settlement he had been told existed somewhere in the locale.

But he was not really interested in finding the ruins. The search was really more of an excuse to be away from his admiring students and peers. He seldom had time, since he had become famous, to think. This was a great regret, for he enjoyed thinking.

As he wandered, his mind fastened on several great philosophical and moralistic problems of mankind, he was seen by extraterrestrial beings who had landed nearby. They were searching the area for fauna to take back to their laboratory-spaceship. Mistaking the professor for an animal habitué of the area, they drugged him with a special instrument they used for that purpose and took him aboard their ship.

After gathering further samplings of other plants and animals, they took off from the earth, content to examine their prizes at their leisure, while traveling to the next galaxy.

The spaceship was well beyond the orbit of Pluto when the famous genius awoke from the effects of the drug. At first, he was startled to find himself in a strange, dimly-lit, circular room. The only illumination was a dull, blue-

sh glow which seemed to emanate from the walls. The material making up the wall, floor, and ceiling was also unusual. Although it appeared to be metal, it possessed a warmth and resiliency totally alien to any metal he knew.

He did not have long to puzzle over his strange situation, however. He had no sooner considered the walls when he sensed a disturbance in his mind, not unlike the tracings of inquisitive, searching fingers. A voice, completely emotionless and mechanical, sounded inside his head, echoing through the canyons of his mind. Startled, he guessed: telepathy. And a sense of wonder overcame him.

"Do not be frightened," the voice said. "You have been taken from your planet by our research team. We will not cause you pain or suffering. We wish only to study you."

The professor guessed almost immediately that he had been kidnapped by beings from outer space. He was not greatly surprised by this knowledge. He had long ago accepted the possibility, even the probability, that intelligent life existed beyond the solar system. He was, however, somewhat overwhelmed by his own good fortune, in making contact with them.

"I am not afraid," he assured them in a voice more confident than he actually felt. "I, too, am an intelligent being, like yourselves. My species, homo sapiens, is the dominant one on the planet Earth, where you found me. This is a great moment for both our races. I don't doubt there is much information we can exchange, greatly benefiting each other."

There was an unusually long silence

of several minutes before the alien voice rang through his mind again. This time it seemed to hold a hint of surprise and doubt.

"What is it, Earthling, that you feel might be of interest to us?"

For the first time in his life, the professor felt a twinge of real doubt and uncertainty. The voice sounded so mockingly confident and certain of itself. But, nevertheless, he answered quickly.

"Well, unless we compare knowledge and information, I can't be certain."

"Perhaps you may," said the voice, even more doubtful, but still tolerant. "We have found hints and clues to our search from stranger creatures and in more doubtful places. For the past 100 million years, we have been searching for the secret of the universe. Can you help us?"

"The secret of the universe?" the professor asked, his mind skipping frantically for the exact meaning of the enigmatic phrase.

"Yes. The source of energy," the voice contributed.

"Ummm," the professor mused. He thought it strange that such advanced a race as the extraterrestrials obviously were should not know of atomics and nuclear physics. But he was grateful that there was, after all, some phase of earth science which could be used to impress these beings. Of course, it was entirely possible that some other source of energy had been discovered by them, and they could relay this information to him, in return for what he would give them.

He launched immediately into an explanation of physical science and atomics, covering Einsteinian relativity

and Newtonian physics, with bits of Faraday, Leibnitz, Faraday, Gibbs, and others. But, before he was half through his discourse, the voice interrupted him impatiently.

"Why do you trouble us with such completely elementary knowledge, and mix up all that irrelevant nonsense with it? Some of that which you spoke has been known to us for a million years. Children on our home planet learn it during their first day in school. The others you mix with it is pure noise and has no basis in fact. We have known, since before memory, the components of energy. We are searching for the source of energy. Where energy first came into this universe, and from where? Where did creation first start and who and what is responsible for it? The mechanics of energy are well known to us. We could easily create a solar system and a planet like yours if we wished."

This news staggered the professor. But his mind, still nimble and searching, caught the clue to their problem. These people, so completely wrapped up in the wonders of their discoveries in physical sciences, had, no doubt, completely neglected metaphysics. They apparently had no religion to explain the mysteries of life. They were, after all, he decided, fallible.

He proceeded into an explanation of the various philosophies, religions, and moral systems. But, again, he was cut short.

"Why do you utter these wild, mindless fantasies? It is obvious that you are hopelessly backward in knowledge and aboriginal in intelligence. There is nothing in your collection of unreality that we can possibly use."

"Wait," the professor almost scream-

ed, but caught himself in time. "What are you going to do with me? I must get back to Earth soon. My friends and students will soon miss me."

"That's impossible," the voice said, mechanically, coldly. "We are already three light years from your insignificant planet. After we have studied and catalogued you, we will end your existence painlessly."

"No. No. Wait a minute," the professor cried, frantic now. "You can't do that. You can't squash me as though I was some kind of bug. I'm an intelligent human being. It's...it's inhuman."

There were again several seconds of silence before the voice replied. "We will concede that you are a human being, since that is what you call yourself, but intelligent, you certainly are not. And why should we not crush you like a bug. We have discovered varieties of the species you call bugs, and some of them were a great deal more intelligent than you...and still we mounted them for our catalogue. As for our action being inhuman, that's another example of your inhuman unlogic. Why shouldn't we be inhuman, since that's what we are?"

"If your race is anything like you, you are all an example of what happens in isolated planetary systems where there is not contact with other rudimentary minds such as your own. Your race suffers from megalomania. Because you dominate your petty little planet, your lack of logic leads you to believe you dominate a universe in which you are more insignificant than the smallest atom."

The voice cut away sharply and a low, humming sound replaced it. No

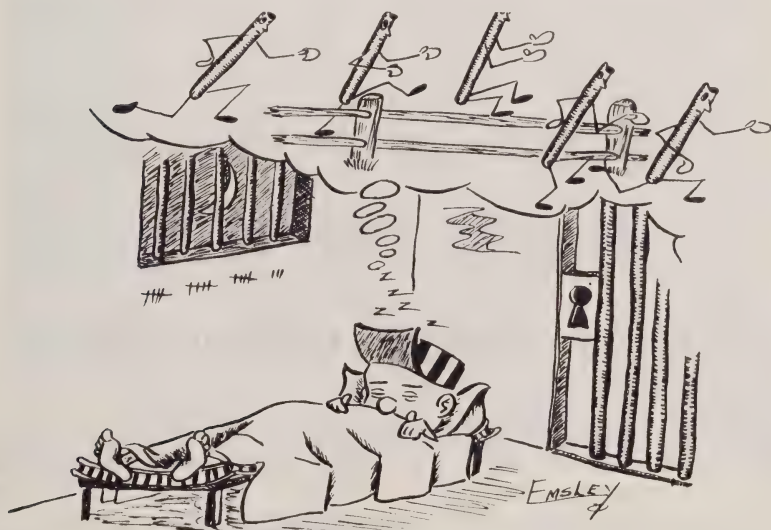
more than a few seconds had passed before the professor began to sense a vague, pleasant drowsiness overcoming him. He knew that in a short while he would fall into a sleep from which he would never awaken. But his curious, inquisitive mind was still active. He knew it would be his last question.

"Wait. At least tell me who you are and where you come from?"

For a moment he thought they would not answer him. He didn't really care. He no longer wanted the answer. He wanted only to cease existing in a world where he was so meaningless and all that he had spent his life learning so completely false. But the voice did reply; now, it seemed, from a great distance.

"We are the servants of the dominant species of life living in a galaxy approximately 10,000 light years from your solar system. It is even doubtful that the light from their star ever reaches your planet. The name will have no meaning to you, so I will not mention it. We, the occupants of this research ship, are not organic life, but merely what you would call a calculating machine or robot. Consequently, we are not even reasonable examples of the intelligence of our creators, and we cannot explain them to you because they are beyond our simple programmed reactors."

As the last vestiges of consciousness left him, the professor felt only gratitude toward his executioners.



.... 952.... 953... 954....



DAVE VAILLANT before the colorful painting of the Crucifixion scene which served as a backdrop for the "Seven Last Words."

"Seven Last Words" Easter Hit With Outside Audience

An inmate choral presentation of Theodore Dubois' "The Seven Words of Christ" was declared a success by an 'outside' audience of some 400 listeners, April 6, in the institution recreation building.

Supporting the choral group were Mrs. Dorothy Elston, a noted Kingston and area soprano, and Peter Nourry, a well-known area organist.

Following "The Last Words", the inmate chorus and an 'outside' chorus

omprised of nurses from the Hotel Dieu Hospital and the Corpus Christi choir of Kingston presented several shorter numbers.

The inmate choral group was organized and trained by an inmate, Roger Paquin, who presented a similar concert here, four years ago. Only John Leville, a strong bass, was a hold-over from that first concert. Those who had seen the first effort and the one in April judged the latest presentation as the superior of the two.

Paquin claimed he had no difficulty in recruiting members for the 24-man choir. He said many had to be turned

back because there was not sufficient time to train all who wanted to participate.

"The church, the warden, and members of the administration gave us strong support," conductor Paquin said.

The audience was dominated by nuns and clergy from churches and schools in the Kingston area.

Members of the chorus included: Donald Abbey, Charles Acheson, Rolie Beaulac, Rolland Beauregard, Frank Benincasa, Robert Bennett, Andrew Cluckie, Richard Davidson, Anthony Day, Tom Hobbins, Donald Dunn, Eugene Eckert, Robert Gannon, Char-



LOCAL AND provincial clergy and nuns were among the hundreds who attended the show



(Roger Paquin and the chorale group)

les Kelly, James McDonald, Mel Osborne, Ronald Parry, Jim Pickering, John Reville, Edward Simpson, David Vaillant, and William Wilson. James McDermott handled the audio; electrician was John McBain, and narrator was Earl H. Slater.

Vocal standouts, in addition to Mrs. Elston, were Reville, Hobbins, Beauregard, and James McDonald.

Vaillant painted and designed the huge background and back drops in the crucifixion scenes.

NOTICE

The *Diamond* can no longer guarantee 10 issues a year. Due to increased contracts at the Kingston Penitentiary Print Shop, the *Diamond*, especially during the past year, has had to be put aside until regular commitments were, and are, fulfilled. However, in order to attempt to give the subscriber his money's worth, we will put out a larger issue, with more pictures. This would not ordinarily be possible with our limited funds, if we were to put out ten regular issues a year.

Thank you

The Diamond Staff

Rowatt, Carson Star But Christmas Show Proves Uninspired

The 1963 Collin's Bay Christmas concert proved to be largely a one-man show—starring master of ceremonies Bobby Rowatt.

The active and enthusiastic Rowatt eld together a string of mediocre performances. There were only occasional right spots in the weary 17-card program.

Two singing groups, the Valliants and the Bayside Three, showed sparkle and merit. A squat, muscular little comic, Pete Carson, rendered a professional pantomime as an intoxicated movie patron, in a skit shared with Rowatt. Tom Hobbins, a deep-voiced singer, gave creditable light operatic offerings.

The performance before an inmate audience was less than inspired. The following, a week later, before an 'outside' audience of inmates—guest, custodial and administrative staff and their guests, and others, was somewhat improved.

A particular disappointment were the tumbling acts. A perennial hit at previous concerts, the tumblers seemed to lack spirit and their usually fine coordination. There were, however, a few individual standouts in the group.

Rowatt was a veritable bundle of energy. He was everywhere, doing everything. While, at times, it was plain to see he lacked the polish of a practised emcee, the rough edges were easily overlooked by his acrobatic, dynamic, and sometimes even inspired performance.

Introducing the various acts, performing in others, and taking part in several 'quickie' skits in between, he appeared to be the focal point of the program. He certainly was the 'scotch tape' that held the show together.

If he did miss his lines once in a while (ad-libbing his way through expertly), it was excusable in that he had less time to practice than any of the others. He was a last ditch choice as master of ceremonies.

Carson, the five-by-five comic, might have easily stolen the show, had his parts been longer and more numerous. As it was, his mimicking of the drunk at the movies was touched with a polish.

The Valliants were easily the outstanding singing group and single act. Presenting a pleasing range of voices, styles, and songs, they were head and shoulders above the other acts. Tops in the quintet were Mike Greene and Al

Caruso. But Dave Valliant and Ed Beattie were not far behind. Gene Eckert supplied harmony, but had no solo.

The Bayside Three did not live up to earlier expectations with their folk-singing. They lacked the easy casualness of the Valliants. However, a great deal of their failure was due to poor acoustics. Their adaption of "This Land", to a Canadian setting, was their best number and drew much applause. The trio included Rollie Beauregard, Tony Day, and Al Swan.

Beauregard is a veteran of past concerts here.

Hobbins had a pleasing and well-controlled voice. He did especially well on "Granada" and, as the opening act, gave a much brighter promise of what was to follow than was actually delivered.

The band furnishing background music and accompaniment, consisted of Beauregard, Ozzie Osburn, Leroy Dorsey, Bill Townsend, Larry Kiyoshk, and Dave Cluckie. Dorsey and Cluckie were drummers.

The choral group did not perform at the inmate showing, but closed out the 'outside' performance.

Don Dunn directed the show.

PRISONER'S RIGHTS

BANFF, Alta. (CP) — Resolutions were discussed to ensure that prisoners appear in public court within 24 hours of arrest, at a recent meeting of the Canadian Bar Association.

Lawrence Corriveau, chairman of Quebec lawyers' civil rights committee, said: "In many cases, police detain a prisoner incommunicado for several days.

"The prisoner is denied the right of communication with a lawyer and his family or friends. We want to re-educate the police to the realization that anyone, no matter who, has basic civil rights.

"Sometimes, when we see a prisoner after he's been in police hands for a few days, we find he has a couple of black eyes or some other injury."

"But this sort of third degree doesn't only involve physical violence. It's a sort of psychological third degree because if you detain a man for days... the strain and pressure on him to say anything to end the ordeal is enormous."

PLAN LARGE PRISON COMPLEX

KINGSTON, Ont. (CP) — Allan J. MacLeod, federal commissioner of penitentiaries, said in an interview here recently the Justice Department has plans for a large prison complex—possibly for this area.

Mr. MacLeod said "the site has yet to be selected," but mentioned only Kingston as a likely site for the institution, to be started in 1964.

Initial construction, he said, would involve a special detention unit to house about 150 of the most difficult and hostile Ontario convicts.

He said the complex would contain medical and psychiatric centres as well as a maximum security unit.

Mr. MacLeod said the complex will be a four-year project, but he did not mention its size or cost.

etit Point Peddler Leads...

Telegram Women's Editor To Consider Wastefulness Of Routine in Prison

by Elizabeth Dingman

(Mrs. Dingman is women's editor for the Toronto Telegram. This article is reprinted from the February 1 issue of the Toronto Telegram, by special permission from Mrs. Dingman. As a follow-up to the article, Mrs. Dingman made several inquiries as to the actual markets for petit point and other hobbycraft made in prisons and supplied this information to the Diamond. Another article appears in this issue covering the results of Mrs. Dingman's efforts on behalf of Collin's Bay and other penitentiary and prison inmates.)

A young man came into this office with unframed petit point pictures he had made in prison. He had just been released. He wanted to sell them in a hurry. He needed money immediately. The pictures were carefully worked—

but not very salesable. The colors were too vivid, the subjects were unoriginal, the Blue Boy was worked in shades of brown and it was the best piece in the lot.

He unwrapped them a little clumsily from a large brown paper parcel, tied with string. He was a very handsome boy, uneasy and a little strange because of the urgency of his strange request. His bounding energy did not equate, for me, with the painstaking stitching that had obviously gone into these rather garish and conventional pieces of petit point. It seemed too feminine a pursuit for a boy who looked like a football player.

It would have been a waste of his time to send him to the Canadian Handicrafts Guild. The work had too little quality. I sent him lamely to a

wool and embroidery shop on Younge St. where I thought the kind proprietress might give him the direction I couldn't give.

The boy's lost face stayed on my mind. I wondered why he had been given in prison an employment that had little or no value outside. It appeared to be no more than a sedative job—a footling thing to keep idle hands moving.

I was afraid for him. Why should he come to a newspaper office in a pressing hurry to sell a product we don't buy and couldn't sell in a hurry? If he wanted personal publicity, then there was no therapeutic value in his prison term. If he wanted a handout, there was a missing link between his exit from prison and his re-establishment in the community.

A NEW ANSWER

An answer to this was given me this week by Mrs. Elliot Studt, an educational specialist for the Council on Social Work Education.

Mrs. Studt spent two years in charge of a living unit in Deuel Vocational Institution, a maximum security prison in San Joaquin Valley, Calif. Unit C housed 130 men between 19 and 26 years of age. She went in on an experimental project financed by the National Institutes of Mental Health as part of a U.S. federal program to support pioneering in corrections.

The aim was to create an inmate-staff community within which the inmates would learn to develop responsibility for themselves and each other. Learning how to get along in the community inside, they would be prepared to get along outside on their release. They were treated like men instead of inmates.

The project worked so well that Deuel plans to organize community units along the same lines in the remaining six units of the prison.

"Prison life tends to be a dead life the inmate adjusts as an institutionalized inmate: what C Unit was about was to train them to be men", explained Mrs. Studt.

Once they realised we meant it—that we were interested in what concerned them and what they could put into their own lives and the lives of others—they developed so many ideas it was hard to keep staffing them.

A NEWSPAPER

"For example, they developed their own welfare organization for men in the unit who didn't get money from home. (This stopped cell robbing and fights). They wanted a medium of communication so we helped them get a newspaper going. They developed group processes for solving problems as they occurred among themselves and for filling their time constructively.

"There were two findings from the project:

"A lot can be done in the institution to help people start growing if you don't fill their lives with nothing but obedience to rules.

"It probably is waste effort unless you continue this kind of support and service when they come into the community. A lot has to be done about parole service and the community attitude.

"If people won't hire ex-prisoners and the community won't take them back, they can't use the skills they learn in prison.

"We must provide parole officer services which will explain the ex-prisoner's needs to his family and his boss.

we must provide furloughs and a half-day house in his own community where he can learn to use money again, learn how to buy his clothes, how to be interviewed by employers, where to go so

he won't get into trouble."

The boy who came with the petit point stood in need of such service in and out of prison. The Unit C experiment is a beginning.

Handicraft Guild Outlet For Inmate Hobbycraft

Handicraft workers at Collin's Bay who have hobbycraft products still unsold upon discharge may have been provided an outlet for their goods through the efforts of Elizabeth Dingman, society editor for the Toronto Telegram.

Edward McKell, 77 Bloor Street West, Toronto, told Mrs. Dingman, in February, that the Guild is interested in Petit point and other types of handicraft inmates produce in Canadian prisons.

Mrs. Dingman began a series of inquiries following a request from the DIAMOND to reprint a column she wrote for the Telegram in January.

McKell indicated that he would be interested in seeing inmates' work while they are still in prison; however, prison regulations do not permit sending out hobbycraft on a competitive basis. There is no reason, however, why inmates released or discharged cannot contact the Guild once they are out of prison to sell their surplus products.

Mrs. Dingman's column concerned petit point and an inmate who came to her office in an attempt to find a market for the petit point he had made in prison. It is reprinted in another part of this issue of the DIAMOND.

In addition to the Handicraft Guild, the Telegram society editor also contacted Eaton's. Eaton's, however, said they sold only the material, but did not buy finished petit point.

"Mr. McKell said the Guild will consider for sale any handicrafts, and this applies to their other branches in Montreal, Winnipeg, and Calgary. They may be found listed in the telephone books of those cities," Mrs. Dingman wrote the DIAMOND.

The Guild, naturally, is interested only in a good quality of workmanship.

Woodhouse Production

Rich Little Leaves CBP Audience in 'Stitches'

Pantomimist Rich Little is a... wealthy man in laughter and he distributed some of his wealth to inmates here during the January appearance of Joe Woodhouse's periodic gathering of Canadian talent.

Supported by master of ceremonies Bill Luxton and songstress Jeannie Trice, Little was almost a little too rich for localites' blood, mimicking everyone from Gary Cooper to Charlotte Whitton. The poker-faced comic split the laugh meter when he imitated Prime Minister Lester Pearson describing former PM John Deifenbaker as looking like a 'horned Artie owl'.

Luxton and sweet-voiced Miss Trice combined for some racy laughter and well-delivered songs. Two of their numbers were "Sweet Embraceable You" and "How About You". Jeannie Trice, from Ottawa, and formerly a member of the Couriers, also soloed with "Jeepers Creepers", "Without a

Song", "It Had To Be You", and closed with "I Enjoy Being A Girl".

Music during the well-paced show was furnished by Champ Champagne and his orchestra. They opened the show with an up-tempo "Walk, Don't Run."

A fine barbershop quartet delivered several well applauded numbers, including several nonsense titles to such old favorites as "That Old Gang of Mine" and "Georgia".

Bill and Arlene Dick performed the dancing chores with "Me And My Shadow" and others. They finished with a dance burlesque of "A Couple of Swells".

Luxton, who organized the Ottawa members of the cast, was a hit with a parody of TV commercials entitled "Commercial Blues". The big emcee timed his jokes expertly throughout the performance.

WKM

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Galway, Townsend, Bates Poll Half Inmate Votes In Committee Elections

Jack Bates, Bill Townsend, and Kaye Galway polled better than half the total votes in the mid-April Sports and Recreation Committee elections to beat out five other candidates for seats.

The trio rolled up a total of 491 votes between them, out of a grand total of 906 cast. Galway paced the field with 179. Townsend was second with 163, and Bates ran third, with 149.

Bates, however, was removed for disciplinary reasons, and replaced by Joe Clyde, who was the alternate member of the Committee. Clyde's place as alternate was taken by Ross Kribs.

The Committee took office officially on April 17.

Approximately two-thirds of the inmate population (302 of a possible 450) voted. It was the institution's first Sports and Recreation Committee in six months, and marked the close of a one year experiment with straight slate voting.

Each inmate voted for three individuals among the eight eligibles. The trio will serve for a six month term. In slate voting, the Committee was elected as a group and consisted of five members and an alternative.

Members of the administrative and custodial staff who aided in the counting of the ballots were Clem McQuade, Ass't Supervisor, Vocational Training, Arthur Clark, and Tom Field, Classification Department; Boyd Steele, Administrative Staff, and Keeper Fred Stewart, Custodial. Inmates who were present at the counting were John McBain, Jim McDermott, Jerry Walsh, and Donald Dunn. Recreation Supervisor Jim Edmonds was in charge. McBain and McDermott were members of the last Committee.

Other candidates and the votes they polled, after the first three, were: Joe Clyde, 86; Ross Kribs, 76; Sonny Whalley, 74; Paul Kirsch, 62, and Bill Hudgins, 37.

Next elections are set for September or October.

JOYCEVILLE FEDERAL INSTITUTION (Kingston, Ont.)

Three new training courses have been instituted here: Quantity Surveying and Service Station Attendants. Several inmates graduated from these courses last October.

Confessions of A 'Hydrolic'

by Headly Clearwater

My hand trembled as I reached for the glass. Nervously I lifted it to my lips. My feverish breath came in short gurgling sighs, and I drained the glass, tiny streams of liquid seeped from the corners of my mouth, down my chin, and dribbled onto my shirt. There was no kidding myself now; this was my 10th glass of water in less than an hour. I had become a hopeless hydrolic!

Where did it all begin? When did it all start? As the room reeled about, I sought to sift out the kaleidoscope of images which flashed before my tortured mind. One, two, three, four years ago... Yes, I remember now! It was in England! I was successful then, and popular. The social whirl was in full swing in London's West End and I, at the time, was seeing a lot of the Dutchess of Limehouse, half sister to Lady Gravell Pitt, middle-aged granddaughter of the illegitimate son of George IV.

Well, one afternoon we had gone, (Lady Pitt and myself) up to the Dutchess's country place, where she was finishing off some redecorating. She was mad for the colour blue and the whole interior was done in various shades and tones of blue. The effect was startling; I really liked those Limestone blues. After we looked over the new arrangements she graciously offered us drinks; only to discover that

she was completely out. She had wanted to toast the completion of the redecorating, that she insisted in doing so with water.

We laughed at ourselves, over our little joke, as we raised our glasses of water, but I remember myself feeling a little uneasy (I hadn't drank straight water in years). When I took my first sip I felt a strange sensation my head swam with the same slight headiness one feels when asked to police headquarters. I then took another glass; then another, and another. Lady Pitt remarked that I certainly must be thirsty. Gad, what an observing woman! Before we left I asked the Dutchess if I might not have a bottle of water to take on my return journey to London. She consented and Lady Pitt and me left in the touring car for the city.

We arrived in London at 9 p.m. There was a new floor show on at one of the clubs so we decided to have dinner there. Lady Pitt ordered a gig and told the waiter to bring her favourite dish, kippers and Sen Sen. I told the waiter that I would order later but to bring me a glass of water. It wasn't long before I'd had six or seven waters.

Lady Pitt tired of the place and suggested that we should go to another

ab she liked. We went there; and I ist say the water was much better the first club; colder and the glasses re bigger. I felt quite intoxicated. I ist have been, for Lady Pitt began look rather attractive to me. As e evening wore on we visited at ist a dozen clubs; and the next thing knew, I woke up in a sumptuous suite th silks and satins everywhere. I as obviously not in my own bed-om.

I heard footsteps and Lady Gravell tt entered.

So, you've finally decided to wake e," she cackled.

I don't know what I had done, or w long I had been out, so I decided shut up and let her Ladyship do the lking. She hadn't yet applied her ntal adhesive and her plates kept pping around in her mouth as she lked (and she never stopped talking). s she babbled on it became clear to e what I'd done. In a drunken stupor, e had eloped!

I had been out cold for three days, e told me. She kept calling me ovey" and chucking me under the chin with her claw-like hand. I was ck. I told her to knock it off and ent into the bathroom and belted own a couple of straight waters. hey seemed to straighten me out a t and I took another glass into the edroom. My (ug) bride was standing ere, looking hungrily at me and ggling.

"Lovey", she said, "put down that ass and come over to your little umpkin."

Oh Zeus! This was too much. I knew his "beauty" had been married three mes before and that none of her usbands had lasted more than five ears. She was a fine companion, to

be sure; but, as to her merits as a wife, I had monumental doubts. All was lost.

From that point onward everything takes on a spectre of unreality, like a vortex drawing me ever downward, rushing faster and faster.

For a while I could get by on ten or fifteen glasses of water a day, but as my need increased people started to notice, and one day I knew I had to go underground. Once, at last, (shiver) bride happened upon me with a gallon jar of water t my mouth. She snuck up on me and stood watching me for a few moments. Then she said, "AH, AH!" It was as if I had been goosed. I lost my grip on the jar and it fell to the floor with a crash; at the same time I let a yell out of me and sprayed a mouthful of water in my darling's face.

"So, you wretched thing; you thought you could keep it from me, did you?" she asked.

"Here I, of royal blood, have been living in married state with nothing less than a hydrolic! What will my friends say? What will they think?" She insisted that I pack my things and leave at once, and said that I would hear from her lawyer in a day or so.

I took a room, in a small dingy hotel next to the water works, and settled in sort of a dream world; never knowing one day from the next. It's been like that ever since. I've completely lost interest. My clothes are shabby and I usually need a shave and I never take a bath (I hate to waste water on bathing!) I, who could have been anything; I, who had the brightest of futures; I, who ... Wait a minute!... What's that?...

I'll have to run now, I think I hear the tap running.

Diamond

Dust



"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagogue?"

"A demagogue son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everyone that there is a terrible storm at sea."

* * *

Prison Chaplain: (to prisoner about to be discharged)—"Now, my son, try to remember what I said in my sermon last Sunday and make up your mind never to return to this place."

Prisoner (deeply moved)—"No man who ever heard you preach would want to come back here."

* * *

Willie got very tired of the long sermon at church.

"If we give him money now, ma, will he let us out?" he asked in a loud whisper.

* * *

"Have you been a dentist long?"

"No, I was a riveter till I got too nervous to work up high."

* * *

"Have you ever appeared as a witness before?"

"Yes, your honor."

"In what suit."

"My blue serge."

* * *

Magistrate—"You've committed six burglaries in a week."

Prisoner—"That's right. If every one worked as hard as I do we'd be on the road to prosperity."

* * *

Judge—"It seems to me I've seen you before."

Prisoner—"You have, your honor. I gave you daughter singing lessons."

Judge—"Thirty years."

* * *

"I can't bear a fool," said a lawyer to a farmer.

"Your mother could," said the farmer.

* * *

"Judge," said the punny prisoner "give me a sentence with the word freedom in it."

* * *

"Are the news reporters camera, and TV people here?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Lights, okay?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Sound okay?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Good! Then let justice take its course."

"I shall have to give you ten days or \$20," said the judge.

"I'll take the \$20, Judge; I'm broke," said the prisoner.

* * *

Judge—"Have you ever been up before me?"

Accused—"I don't know. What time do you get up?"

* * *

"Our bank has gone through a reorganization."

"What was the matter?"

"We found we had more vice-presidents than depositors."

* * *

"What would I get," inquired the man who had just insured his property against fire, "if this building should burn down tonight?"

"I would say," replied the insurance agent, "about ten years."

* * *

Enthusiastic agent—"Now, there is a house without a flaw."

Harvard Man—"My gosh what do you walk on?"

* * *

Customer—"I hear my son has owed you for a suit for three years."

Tailor—"Yes, sir; have you called to settle the account?"

Customer—"No, I'd like a suit on the same terms."

* * *

"Who were the first gamblers?"

"Adam and Eve."

"How so?"

"Didn't they shake a paradise?"

* * *

"How can I avoid falling hair?"

"Jump out of the way."

* * *

"He called me an ass!"

"Don't stand for it."

"What'll I do?"

"Make him prove it."

* * *

"Say, why do they call our language the mother-tongue?"

"Because the father so seldom gets a chance to use it."

* * *

Girl—"Everytime I look at you I think of a great man."

Boy friend—"You flatter me. Who is it?"

Girl—"Darwin."

* * *

"What is puppy love?"

"It's the beginning of a dog's life."

* * *

She took my hand with loving care;
She took my costly flowers so rare.
She took my candy and my books!
She took my eye with meaning looks.
She took all that I could buy,
And then she took the other guy.

Duke of Paducah

* * * *

DIAMOND FICTION



The Poker Player

by RHA

In games of chance, chance is restricted to mathematical probability, hard-headed reality, and sometimes the turn of a crooked card. But once in a while even these fall by the wayside....

Las Vegas is a city without a heart or a soul. She is a freak with a grotesquely oversized, grasping claw, and an insatiably hungry and bottomless pocket. Without the shedding of a tear, or a second thought, she will wrench away a man's money and mutilate his spirit. Only a man without a heart or a soul can hope to survive in this modern Babylon on the Great American Desert.

There are things I have seen there which have made me wonder whether homo sapiens is really the most advanced species in God's menagerie, as the optimist and humanist claims. And if he is, how can we possibly imagine that in the end his sanity and saintliness will win out and we will not blot ourselves all to kingdom come?

It is not a pretty sight to see old women blindly feeding their meagre

d age pensions into the gaping maws of the ever-hungry slot machines, desperate clerks shooting their life savings at the impersonal crap tables, and waitresses and janitors slaving for 40 and 50 hours a week so that they can blow their salaries in a half hour on the rickety roulette wheels.

But, despite her cold hearted witchery and her fatal lure, Vegas does not succeed in breaking everyone who naively allows himself to be lured into her beautiful but treacherous arms. Gambling can smash a man to smithereens, but it can also show a strong man his strength. Vegas is like a man's first woman: She can teach him a sense of fun, or the meaning of love.

Frankly, she never taught me either. I'm one of those conservative individuals who has never been able to believe there is anything you can get for nothing. Whether you work or steal, you get nothing without sweat and effort. Oh sure, I did some gambling, but only for entertainment or to be sociable. The same with liquor, I can take it or leave it. Which is all besides the point as far as this story is concerned.

At the time of this story, I had been working for the Review-Journal for about three years. On my regular news beat, I had come to know enough of the people in the clubs and casinos to know fairly well known around town, and to know what was happening where and when. Sometimes, I think it's a shame that Damon Runyon never had the chance to know Vegas. I'm sure he could have found more characters and stories in that small Nevada city than he could ever have hoped to meet in New York City.

Anyway, on this particular night. I was sitting in the Lounge bar at the Hacienda casino, talking to Johnny Barrett, a house cop for the club. I wasn't paying for my own drinks; I seldom did in any of the big joints. The guys who run them know that someday they may need a favour from a newspaper reporter and they don't waste any opportunities to be friendly.

As we talked, I spotted someone in the crowd who seemed familiar to me; someone whom I had not seen for a long while, but who must have been important enough to me, in the past, to have drawn my attention so easily. But I lost him. Shrugging I turned back to catch up to what Johnny was saying.

A few minutes later, I felt the tap on my shoulder. Sure enough, when I turned around, there was the guy, standing three feet away from me, with a kind of hound dog look on his face. I don't mean he was looking beaten or discouraged, but apologetic for interrupting my conversation.

He was short and thin and there was a round shoulderedness about him which suggested that he might be some sort of accountant or book keeper, or perhaps a clerk—which is not unusual because I knew a lot of clerks and book keepers around Vegas. His hair was in that stage of graying where it's hard to say whether it was black with some gray, or gray with some black. And although he wasn't exactly skinny, it seemed as though he had lost a lot of weight recently. His eyes were the only thing about him which were outstanding. There was a banked, smouldering glow of determination burning in their depths, and it almost seemed as though he was afraid to allow anyone to see

the fierceness and intensity with which that fire burned.

Standing alongside him was a fellow almost a foot taller, young, fresh looking, handsome, and with the blackest black hair I have ever seen. He stood straight and confident, deep chested and powerful looking. But there was a shallowness in his sparkling black eyes and all I could see there was my own reflection. His smile was wide and displayed beautiful, even teeth. There was a lot of flash about this boy. And I could see he was well aware of the impressive appearance he presented.

"Hi Sam," the little, the familiar guy said, tentatively stretching his hand toward me. "It's been a long time," he finished.

I automatically reached forward to grasp his hand. In that instant I knew him—or rather, remembered him. His name was Jim Norris, and I had met him over a year ago. At that time, he had been a book keeper for some clothing outfit in Chicago. He was on his way to Los Angeles, with his wife, to audit the books of his firm's branch office in Culver City. They had decided to make a vacation of it, as well, and had brought a little better than a thousand dollars with them.

Joan—my wife—and I met them at the Stardust the second night they were in Vegas. They were a bright, lively couple and one hell of a lot of fun. He was a nice guy. The kind of guy you feel you can tell your problems to, and whom you automatically expect to give you sound, helpful, and sympathetic advice. His wife was devoted to him and it was obvious she thought the world revolved around him—if you will pardon the bromide.

The fourth night in town, Jim caught a hot streak at the crap tables and tripled his money. He had enough sense to walk away with his winning. But the next day, he walked into a couple of card sharps and they talked him into one of those well known 'friendly poker games'.

He did alright for the first few hours. They let him win enough to hook him, and then they lowered the boom on him.

He borrowed some money from me a few hours later, left his wife at the hotel, and flew to Los Angeles. I guess he knocked the manager of the branch office in Culver City over, when he walked in and told him he wanted to audit the books right away. But the manager's first surprise was nothing compared to the second one, when he discovered the next morning that Jim had cleaned out the safe, with \$25,000 in it.

He found the sharpies again, and they allowed him to talk them into a continuation of the game. They made short work of him. But Jim did not have much time to consider what he had done, as far as stealing the firm's money was concerned, because he walked right into the arms of the Clark County Deputy Sheriffs.

I went to see him at the City Police Station, when they booked him in, and tried to get bail set for him, but because he was to be extradited to California, it was a little too steep for me. I went to see him several times at the Clark County Jail where they transferred him, while they waited for the Los Angeles County Sheriff to come for him.

He took it pretty well, I thought. There were no alibies or tears. He

ew he had made a mistake and was ready to pay for it. His wife, however, didn't take it as well. She seemed to fall apart. When Joan and I put her on the plane to Chicago, she acted like a numbie. She had kept repeating over and over: 'It's a dream; a bad dream'. I tried to help him by writing to the Los Angeles County District Attorney, and to his company, but he got a one fourteen year sentence for embezzlement.

"Well, Jim," I greeted, suddenly feeling apprehensive, I guess I must have telegraphed my thoughts, because he chuckled and said:

"Don't worry, Sam I didn't break out of prison. They let me go after a year. I guess they figured I was a pretty good risk and that I would go straight." He grinned.

"And are you going straight," I asked, relieved.

"No doubt about it. That little episode was an accident. If I had not been such a fool to get hooked up with those sharpers without knowing more about the finer points of the game it wouldn't ever have happened," he said lightly and logically.

"What are you going to do, now?"

The grin didn't move off his narrow face as he said, "Lance and I are going to find those three sharpies and take them on the same kind of ride they took me."

The frown came so hard and suddenly to my face that for a moment I was afraid I was going to have a muscle cramp. "What the hell," I exploded. "I thought you'd said you'd learned your lesson."

"I have," he replied evenly and confidently. "I didn't let that year go to

waste. I learned enough about gambling to write several books on the subject. And remember, I used to be an accountant. Numbers come easy to me. I know the odds and possibilities of playing and drawing to any type of hand imaginable. And I can memorize every card played in a deck. If they know any cheating tricks I haven't learned, they're welcome to use them. Oh, I'm ready for them this time."

His voice was coldly confident, and I could see he was as sure of himself as it is possible for a man to be. But I'm naturally a pessimist and he had not convinced me by a long shot. Even if he did beat them in a fair game, there still was no guarantee they wouldn't take it into their heads to roll him for the money afterwards.

"What are you going to do for money?"

"Well, it wasn't easy, but I've managed to scrape together \$25,000. I had the house and some lots back home. My wife died in an accident about four months ago. They were in her name, so they couldn't slap a lien on them for the money I stole. I also was the beneficiary on her life insurance."

His voice dropped as he spoke of his wife. There was a sadness to his tone which was as depressing as his earlier confidence had been stimulating.

I saw, then, that he was set on doing what he said, so I drifted off onto another tack. I nodded my head toward his companion. "And this is Lance?"

Jim was immediately apologetic for having neglected to introduce his friend.

"Lance was in Folsom with me, but not as a prisoner. He is a sociologist, and was in charge of the group therapy classes. He claims he has always

wanted to play in a big stakes poker game. I tried to talk him out of it, but he won't listen. I've told him, I don't know how many times, that small town poker playing doesn't stand a chance here. He's brought all the money he's saved, and mortgaged his house.

I shrugged and thought what a lousy town this is. But there is a limit to my do-gooding. A man has to live his own life and learn his own lessons. You can preach to a man until you wear your tongue out, but unless he's tuned to you, it won't do a diddling damn bit of good. I told Jim where I thought his men could be located.

Watching them walk off, I suddenly got the feeling that maybe he could just do it.

Three days later, I heard about it. I ran into the three sharpies in the Lounge bar at the Sands. They looked like three coon dogs who had chased a coon through a Louisiana swamp for three days and finally lost him.

"God, but he was a card player," Carl, the oldest of the three, a German Swiss, said. "He was like a machine. Cold blooded and never missed a thing.

I've never seen anything like him. and if I ever see him come within a mile of any other poker game in which I'm playing, I'm cashing in and getting as far away as I can.

The other agreed with him with snods of their heads.

"He clean you out?" I asked, unsympathetically, feeling a great deal of satisfaction from Jim's revenge.

"Clean as a chicken bone at a tenant farmer's thanksgiving dinner," Carl said. "Eighty three thousand dollars altogether."

I whistled softly, and then couldn't help adding. "Didn't you boys recognize him. He was the guy you worked over about a year ago. Took about \$35,000 from him, and was the cause of him being sent to prison."

The three of them looked at me for a moment, their eyes confused and questioning, and then they turned back to their drinks.

"Hell yeah, we recognized that one. But it wasn't him who cleaned us out. He got cleaned himself. It was this hoosier, Lance something or other."

From Convicts to Inmates to Clients

OSLO, NORWAY—Prison inmates in this country are referred to as clientele. Seventy-five percent of convicted persons are serving out their sentences on one type of probation or another, and the inmates who are confined (or receiving *sanction*, as imprisonment is referred to here) live in pavilions and are addressed as *mister*.

Starting in January of this year, a group of inmates living at a modern prison at Tillberga, Sweden, began reimbursing society by constructing four-room houses.

The prisoners will receive annual salaries ranging from \$1,400 to \$2,000. From this sum will be deducted taxes, board, room, and allowances for their families. Court fees and costs for their trials will also be deducted.

reprinted From The Catholic Herald

What Makes A Criminal?

By Lauchie Chisholm

What makes a criminal?

Is he the victim of his family environment? Or is he unlike others, afflicted by some aberration not found in normal society.

Some of the most qualified minds in the forensic sciences considered all aspects of criminal behavior at a conference in Montreal.

It would be presumptuous to report that they arrived at all the answers to the mysteries of crime. But considerable light was cast on the subject from several directions.

Perhaps, because these social scientists were talking about a basic human tragedy, their words took on an added pignancy.

IS THE FAMILY to blame for the rearing of a criminal?

"We do not say that the family is the exclusive agent in shaping delinquency," said one report of three professors.

"However, there are many families in slum areas who do not produce delinquent children; and on the other hand, families in good neighborhoods have severely criminal offspring."

Clearly, said the professors, the neighborhood is not the whole story.

While we appreciate the impact of social forces we must emphasize the role of the family," said the professors, from McGill University.

They noted, of course, that it is a natural advantage to have a good family, physically sound, socially stable, which imparts healthy attitudes and "all the worthy qualities we wish for our young."

But what about the "black sheep," the deviant son who comes from what appears to be an otherwise pustanding home.

"IN STUDYING each family individually," the professors reported, "as well as the delinquent son, we discovered that there were many reasons why at a critical age this child did not acquire the social values that the other children obviously received.

"The most important factor, present in every case, was the feeling of estrangement that developed between the black sheep and the rest of his family, his sense of being different, which isolated and excluded him.

"Some were treated as scapegoats by the other family members, some were rejected outright, some were—on the contrary—overprotected at the expense of the other children."

"MANY WERE USED by parents to express their own unconscious delinquent tendencies. The net result was a sense of not belonging, if only because they were the one criminal member in a non-criminal family."

The professors found that the react-

ion of the "black sheep" to his family is varied. But mostly, in the end, he wants to return though in many cases the family has disowned him.

"He is like the prodigal son who hopes to be forgiven, to be restored to his former place. When a family is truly able to welcome such a son, rehabilitation is furthered.

"Too often, as in the parable, the other sons are reluctant."

The professors said it is very tempting to blame parents, either a depriving mother or an overharsh, aggressive father. But they added such an attitude taken out of the context of the whole family situation is unjust.

"Parents do not want their children to be delinquent any more than they want them to be ill.

The COMPLEXITY of factors in delinquency does not resolve itself into isolating one or another parents. Nor when the child becomes, in time, an adult criminal is it useful to lay on him all the blame and responsibility for his misconduct.

"This kind of approach inhibits understanding. It creates guilt and even wider gaps between parents and children."

On another phase of criminology, the conference argued what form of punishment (if punishment at all) should suit the crime.

From the John Howard Society Quebec we have the reputation of handing out some of the severest sentences in the world.

"NO INDIVIDUAL 'resocialization' is possible when an offender faces an excessive sentence. This lengthy incarceration in itself destroys all hope.

"The individual without a vestige of hope, in order to survive, develops either a deep and abiding pathological hatred, or an apathy that renders him a complete vegetable unable to function.

"Either way he turns to society, either to charge it like some berserk animal, or to become a charge on society on a variety of levels until he dies."

Nobody had the final word on this subject. But, for a week in Montreal the leading criminologists in North America took a searching and generally compassionate look at the work of human reconstruction in which they are involved.

FEDERAL YOUTH CENTER (Lorton, Va.)—The Harlem Globetrotters and the Atlantic City Seagulls were guests here, December 22, entertaining with their usual antic-filled sideshow, and a zany, but thoroughly enjoyed basketball game, won by the Trotters, 35-23.

* * *

Inmates here made special appeals to their families and friends to send in broken toys to the institution. These were repaired by inmates and presented as Christmas presents to needy and underprivileged children in the Washington, D.C. and surrounding areas in Virginia and Maryland. The project was completely voluntary on the part of inmates.

Odds and Ends From the Editor's Desk:

(The wife of an inmate clipped the following article from the Toronto Daily Star and mailed it to him with an attached note: "Darling, I liked his article and I know it all by heart. It is not being sent in anger, just a little thought.")

MATURITY

Maturity is many things. First it is the ability to base judgement on the Big Picture—The Long Haul. It means being able to pass up the fun-for-the-minute and select the course of action which will pay off later. One of the characteristics of infancy is the "I want it now" approach. Grown-up people can wait.

Maturity is the ability to stick with a project or a situation until it is finished. The adult who is constantly changing jobs, changing friends, and changing mates is immature. He cannot stick it out because he has not grown up. Everything seems to turn sour after a while.

Maturity is the capacity to face unpleasantness, frustration, discomfort and defeat without complaint or collapse. The mature person knows he can't have everything his own way. He is able to defer to circumstances, to other people—and to time.

Maturity is the ability to live up to your responsibilities, and this means being dependable. It means keeping your word. And dependability equates with personal integrity. Do you mean

what you say—and say what you mean?

The world is filled with people who can't be counted on. People who never seem to come through in the clutches. People who break promises and substitute alibis for performance. They show up late—or not at all. They are confused and disorganized. Their lives are a chaotic maze of unfinished business.

Maturity is the ability to make a decision and stand by it. Immature people spend their lives exploring endless possibilities and then do nothing. Action requires courage. And there is no maturity without courage.

Maturity is the ability to harness your abilities and your energies and to do more than is expected. The mature person refuses to settle for mediocrity. He would rather aim high and miss the mark than aim low—and make it.

* * * * *

Ottawa Cops Set Up Kiddy Korps

Ottawa, Ont. (CP)—The Ottawa police department is setting up a special youth section to deal exclusively with young offenders under 21.

"The increase in crimes of violence by those under 21 is startling, frightening, and has reached a critical stage," says Police Chief Reg Axcell.

The police chief said that 30 per cent of those arrested in Ottawa in 1963 were under 21.

(Metro Toronto police established a special Youth Bureau in 1959. While it deals chiefly with juvenile offenders—under 16 years—it often handles many older offenders up to age 21. Last year this group accounted for 17 per cent of total arrests.)

Grand Jury Raps Don Jail—Again

Toronto, Ont. Toronto Telegram—Inadequate, undesirable, overcrowded—the words were applied, once again to the Don Jail and the City Hall cells by a Supreme Court Grand Jury recently.

Overcrowding at the Don Jail, the Grand Jury reported to Chief Justice McRuer, makes it practically impossible to separate youngsters from older criminals, or first-time offenders from habitual criminals.

“This could be a particularly bad factor considering the need to do everything possible to reduce the incidence of juvenile delinquency and crime in the younger age groups,” the report said.

There was only one criticism of the newer section of the Don Jail—that the air ventilation system is inadequate. And a member of the Grand Jury, an architect, offered the free services of his firm’s consulting mechanical engineer to rectify that.

The report said there is an urgent need for action to remedy the deficien-

cies at City Hall and at the Don Jail. If the phrase seems familiar, it is because the need was urgent in the last Grand Jury report too, and in the ones before it, and in the ones before that, and no doubt the need will still be urgent when the next Grand Jury reports.

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics there were 22,747 persons held in custody in Canadian correctional institutions, as of March 31, 1962.

Juvenile Training Schools had 3,525, 12,066 were in provincial adult institutions, and 7,156 were in federal penitentiaries.

Institutions in Ontario had approximately 37 percent of this total.

(From John Howard Society of Ontario Newsletter.)

OUR COVER:

This month’s cover shows the interior of St. Paul’s Chapel, opened and dedicated this Spring. See Story on page 2. The photo was taken by E. A. Wells, clerk, Ass’t Deputy Warden Custody.

What's Happening In Other Pens???

MICHIGAN STATE PRISON (Marquette Branch)—Thirty-seven paroles were granted here, from among a total of 80 cases heard, during the month of November. Among the applicants denied were three lifers.

* * *

ILLINOIS STATE PRISON (Menard, Illinois)—The oldest living convict in America, Richard Honeck, was paroled during the month of December, after serving 64 years. Honeck, now in his 80's, was sentenced to life in 1899, while still in his teens. He was convicted of murdering a school mate. Honeck, for all intents and purposes, had been forgotten in prison until attention was drawn to him through an article written by convict James R. Fox, which ran in the Menard Time, the prison newspaper. An outside paper picked up the story and Honeck soon received nationwide interest. Honeck now lives in San Francisco, with his 65-year-old sister.

* * *

Sixteen inmate graduates of the general education development tests, and grade school students at the prison, participated in a spelling bee. The winner defeated his closest runnerup by successfully spelling 'paralyze'.

MICHIGAN STATE PENITENTIARY (Marquette, Mich.) The new All-Faiths chapel was opened here in time for Christmas services.

* * *

INDIANA STATE (Michigan City, Indiana)—Indiana State Prison's third annual Kiddy Toy Shop was adjudged a success. Inmates solicited and collected broken toys and then repaired them for distribution to needy children in the area. The Therapy Center for Retarded Children, Michigan City, has been one of the Chief beneficiaries.

* * *

Red Cross officials at Fort Wayne were swamped with volunteers from this prison when a call went out for blood donations for a 15-year-old girl who has been a patient at University Medical Center for the past seven years (no mention of her illness was made). There was a call for six pints, which was filled immediately. Inmates left a standing invitation for the girl's doctors to call on them at any time for additional donations.

The Indiana State Prison weightlifting team won the State AAU weightlifting championship, December 15, beating teams from East Chicago, Gary, Marion, Richmond, and the State Reformatory. The meet was held on prison grounds. Several state records were set.

SOUTHERN MICHIGAN PRISON (Jackson, Mich.)—Three members from the Michigan Department of Health inspected the Braille Program here, December 18. Purpose of the visit was to study possibilities of extending the program to other institutions.

SMP's Braille transcribing Service is well-known throughout the Midwest and many parts of the U.S. Inmates transcribe books into the raised code of the Braille system of reading for the blind.

* * *

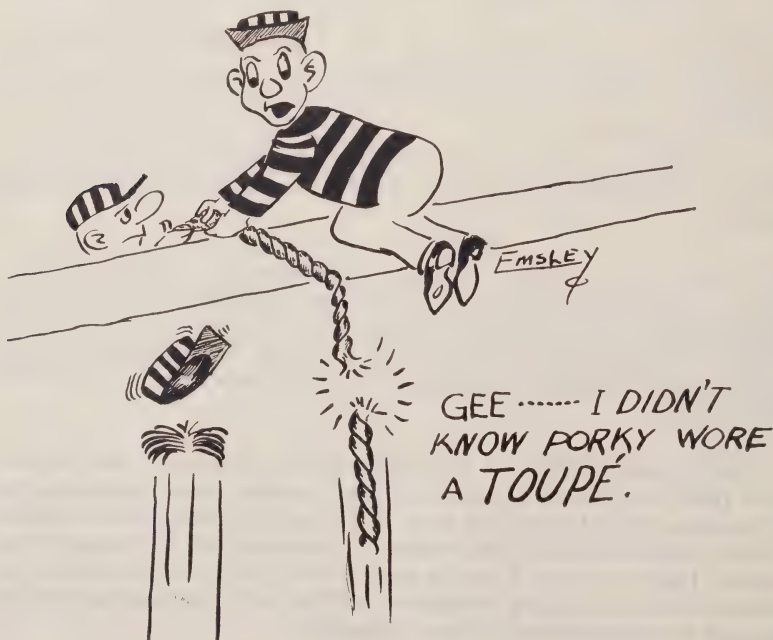
A computer engineering course was added to SMP's present academic school curriculum.

* * *

Two hundred and five inmates were given holiday paroles. These men left on parole and discharge, many of them with accelerated dates so they might be home for the holidays.

* * *

Eight officers of the United States Coast Guard aided in the 10-week Small Boat Handling and Steamship course here, in November.



C.B. Sports

Sinners Win Five, Drop One to Aces

The Sinners were proving to be one of the best representative teams the institution has fielded in several years. Paced by Benny Bannach's pitching and Gordy Cameron's managerial manipulation, the all-stars rolled up a total of **five wins against a single loss** in regular games.

Their only defeat came at the hands of the Nylon Plant Aces 4-1. They had previously beaten the Aces, 5-4. Phil Litchfield, one of the outstanding pitchers in the Kingston area, set the Sinners down with five hits in gaining the win, but he was chased early in the 5-4 game won by the Sinners.

Manager Cameron stuck with Bannach throughout the 1st part of the season, and his lineup was fairly consistent with Jimmy Armour in centre, Cecil Fines in left, Joe Clyde in right, Satch Larue on first, Jimmy Naugler on second, Wallace at short, and Godreault on third. Les Barber generally did the **catching for Bannach.**

Clyde, Naugler, Armour, and Bannach did most of the hitting for the Sinners.

Earlier in the season, the Sinners just missed beating a 5-man all star team, **losing 5-4.**

Bannach was averaging close to a dozen strikeouts a game, as against three walks.

Fines Edges Marsdin In Field Day Meet

Cecil Fines rolled up five firsts in running events to beat out Doug Marsdin or the Athlete of the Day Award during the annual Dominion Day field competition, **July 1.**

It was the second year for Fines in copping the top athlete title. He was, however, 10 points shy of his record breaking 75 points of a year ago.

Marsdin dominated the jumping events and finished with 43 points. He snapped a 15-year-old record of 39 feet, 10 inches in the hop, step, and jump, going 41 feet. He narrowly missed setting another in the high jump.

While the inexhaustable Fines was entered in all the required competition for the AOD award, Marsdin concentrated on the jumping matches. He entered the 880 relay, but was on the same team with Fines, Clyde and Armour. He also finished second to Fines in 120 yard high hurdles.

Fines failed to place in the shot put and the running broad jump. Marsdin finished in the top three in all six events he entered.

Jerry Marks set a new record for the shot put, heaving the ball 41 feet seven inches.

Jimmy Armour won the running broad jump with 18 feet, eight inches.

In addition to Fines, Armour, and Marsdin, others who showed in the AOD events were: Padmore, in the 440 yard dash; Mitchell, second in the high jump; Labut, second in the mile run; Williams, third in the shot put; MacDonald, third in the 100 yard dash, third in the 220 yard dash, third in the hop, step, and jump, and third in the 120 hurdles; Auger, third in 440 yard dash, and Cook, third in the mile run.

Fines won the 100 yard dash, 220 yard dash, 120 yard hurdles, and the mile run.

The organization of the field day was acclaimed to be among the smoothest in recent years. Members of the Field Day Committee included Dan Yu, Bill Hardman, Red McDermott, Joe Clyde, Punchy Galway, Louanna, Teepie, Lazaroff, and Bob McLain. Recreation officers Hub Macey and Jim Edmunds did most of the liaison organizing and arranging.

Other winners: Handball, Young, first, and Thornton, second; Horseshoe, Mitchell, first, and Singleton, second; Tennis, Bergin, first, and Mitchell, second; Football throw, Marsdin, first, Marks, second, and Bannach, third;

On the weights, the competition was close. In the heavy weight division, Doley and Clements tied with a total poundage, in the press, snatch, and clean and jerk, of 597. In the middleweight division, Loranger edged Waterman, 563 to 533. Among the lightweights, McDonald upset Berry, 511 to 501.

Celtics Win Basketball, Hawks Take Hockey

In winter sports, the Celtics dropped the Trotters in two straight games, the finals to take the basketball championship, and the Blackhawks stopped the Red Wings in two straight final games to win the floor hockey championship.

Red McDermott and Jerry Walsh paced the winning Hawks. McDermott was the team's top scorer with 14 points on six goals and eight assists; Walsh followed close behind with eight goals and four assists.

Soper and McDonnell were top scorers for the losing Celtics.

Norm Andress and Cecil Fines contributed some sharp-shooting to lead the 1st place Celtics to a surprisingly easy win over the Trotters in the playoff game finals. The Celts took both games by almost identical scores, 41-34, and 34-34. Although they won the league title during regular season play, the quint headed by Tony Day were underdogs to the Trotters, who had stormed into the finals from last place.

Top scorers for the season in basketball were Day and Townsend. In floor hockey, McDonnell and Townsend were the best point scorers. In one game, McDermott scored 10 goals.

CARDS, GIANTS HEAD MAJORS SCRAMBLE FOR MINOR LEAD

Softball here was a matter of touch and go for two teams in the major league, and all four teams in the minor loop, during the first half of the season.

Led by Al Gavanac, The Cards got off to seven straight wins at the beginning of the major's play, but faltered when the Giants came on, after adding Hollie Beaulac to their pitching staff. Behind Beaulac, the Giants rolled up seven consecutive wins of their own, dropped one in an upset to the last place Mets, and then added two more wins to pace the league midway in July.

The Dodgers were maintaining a steady hold on third place, while the Cards and Giants were fighting it out for first. The third placers trailed by four points, hoping for the leaders to falter.

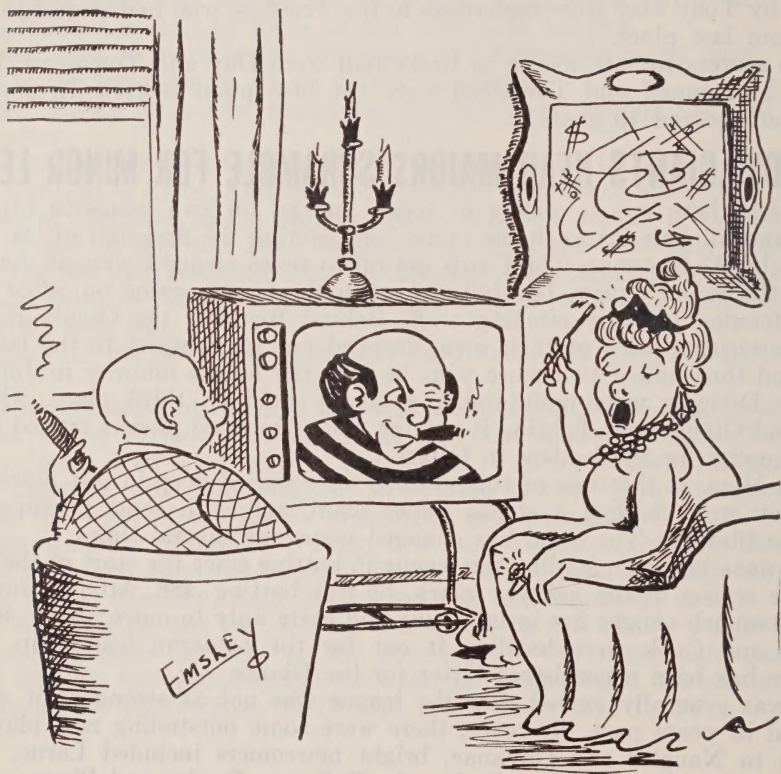
The Mets, at the time of this writing, were buried deep in last place. However, they were fielding a strong paper team, and with some pitching, could be in the playoffs. The team has changed managers several times.

Gavanac has been leading the league in batting since the start of the season. With the season at the halfway mark, he was batting .488. After a slow start, Benny Bannach caught fire in late June and early July to move above .400. Bob Fuman and Cook were battling it out for the homerun leadership. Jimmy Muggler has been a consistent hitter for the Giants.

It was generally agreed that the league was not as strong as it was last year and in years past. However, there were some outstanding new players. In addition to Naugler and Gavanac, bright newcomers included Larue, Beatty, Wallace, Drummond, Shugan, Godreault, Halloran, Davies and Piper.

In the minor league, the competition was keen all year. The Pirates, paced by Lorne Alberts, held a slight edge in July, but no one team was out of the running. The Bucs were pressed particularly hard by the Angels and the Yankees. The Phillies, although in last place, were close enough to take it all if they caught fire.

Batting leaders in the league played a game of in-and-out, just as did the teams. Bill Brown paced the loop at the start of the season with a .500-plus average. But he dropped down and the top spot was captured by Young. He was discharged at the end of June, and Townsend took over first. Finally, at the middle of July, it was Sampson. Townsend, however, seemed to have a solid hold on the homerun and runs-batted-in departments.



"I say, Chauncey, ask the butler to make certain the doors and windows are tightly latched. These burglar fellows have some ingenious ways of entering a house."

Letters

to The

Editor

Letters to the Editors
Editor,
The Diamond,
Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.
Dear Sir;

Thank you for your letter of Feb. 1st. I have since called Eaton's to see if I can't get a sales point for the petit point worker's at Collin's Bay. I was referring, in my column, to the particular piece of work I saw. The stitching was good but the colors and motifs appeared not too saleable to me. Certainly there is a market for attractive petit point.

Of course you may publish my column on the subject. The only requirement made by the *Telegram*, in the case of reprinting, is that the newspaper be credited.

I'll let you know the results of my query at Eaton's.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs) Elizabeth Dingman
Women's Editor

*Mrs. Dingman's column on petit point and the e...-inmate who brought it to her some time ago is reprinted in Dear Staff;
another part of this issue.*

I have thought of you many times during the past months and wanted to send you all a card.

Dad Duff, my husband, died March 4, after a lingering illness. The funeral was March 7. My father is an invalid and is staying with me.

I have had miraculous strength and

calm all winter. People have been very kind all through the illness and at the time of death. I wish all of you such strength and help in your times of trial.

When things seemed the most difficult, I thought: "A fighter rises one more time; holds on one more round." I have another serious round.

Sincerely,
Mrs. A. Duff,
Corinth, Ontario.
March 7, 1964.

Editor of the Diamond:

Please accept this \$1.00 in payment for your wonderful magazine.

In my book, the issues are wonderful. The poetry in your magazine comes from boys who think and who are lonely and broken. They probably have no one who cares for them, or loves them. But 'outside' there is always someone who cares.

Wishing you and all the boys a Very Merry Xmas, and that 1964 may be better, I am

Sincerely,
Mrs. C. King,
Mrs. Richard,
Guelph, Ontario.

The Diamond, Kingston, Ontario:

The feature story regarding Family Service Day left yours truly thinking that the world's prison system is finally taking its first toddling steps to-

ward humanization. The inception of your Family Service Program, or the availability of the opportunity to combine church and visits is nothing more than magnificent!! And the conception of this original idea had to be God-inspired. The project, as you have written, is too good to be abandoned; it is your responsibility—within your limits and facilities—to do all you can (each issue) toward assuring that it isn't forgotten. Keep swinging at this particular program.

The Staff,
The Presidio,
Iowa State Penitentiary,
Fort Madison, Iowa.

Thanks, fellas. This'll give us a chance to tell you we think you put out a heck of a fine magazine. We have long admired it.

Jan. 22, 1964

Dear Sir;

Here is my permission to reprint, in *The Diamond*, my dissent column from the Toronto Telegram of Jan. 15.

I am flattered that you want to use

it, and I hope your readers like it.

May I say that *The Diamond* is fine magazine, its format, editorial content, and especially its photo reproduction are excellent.

I am enclosing a buck for a subscription.

Good luck, and thank you
Hugh Garner
51 Parkwood Village D
Don Mills, Ontario.

*The pleasure and privilege are ours
Thank you.*

15 Jan., 1964

To Steady Reader;

In reply to Steady Reader, Br. Bennett wasn't talking about consellers the jugs he bosses. He wanted to see more sane, sensible types available to give members of the public advice and comfort BEFORE they got in trouble and landed in his bastilles.

The Churl

(See issue #5, Mortgage Mania 1963, and Letters to the Editor, issue #6.)

ALWAYS MARRY A WOMEN ETC. . .

TORONTO TELEGRAM — "Always marry a women uglier than you" has been adopted as the motto of the Club of Hard Heads, an organization of 100 top university intellectuals in Munich.

"In the long run, beauty doesn't pay off in a successful marriage," insists Hermann Beider, club secretary and treasurer.

He lists these points against beautiful women:

More pretty girls end up in hospitals and asylums with nervous breakdowns.

More beautiful women attempt suicide because of dissatisfaction and disappointed appointments.

Attractive women are more full of themselves.

They are so busy being beautiful that they frequently neglect home, husband and children.

They are more conscious of age, and have difficult times growing old gracefully.

They run into serious psychological problems when their looks start to fade.

"Beautiful women are not necessarily dumb, but generally they neglect to develop their intelligence," said Butler.